JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

MINX 4-DOOR TOURING SUNSHINE SALOONS

7 HILLMANS FREE

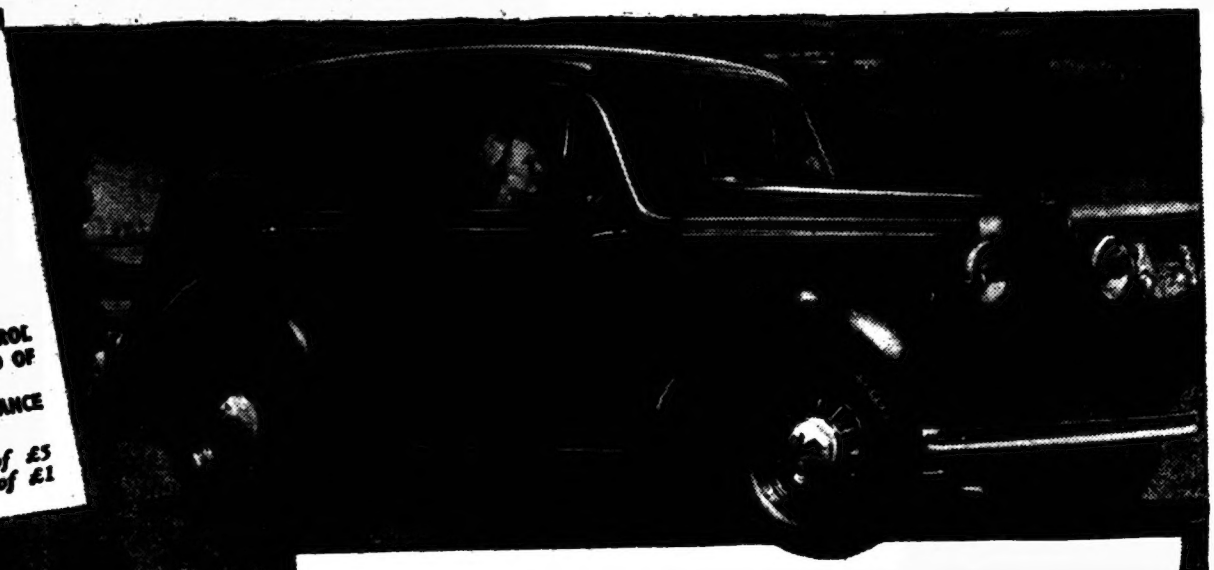
EACH WITH 100 GALLONS OF PETROL AND ROAD TAX PAID TO END OF YEAR AND FULL COMPREHENSIVE INSURANCE TO END OF YEAR

7 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

First Prize EACH WEEK
A 1939 HILLMAN MINX
4-Door Touring Sunshine Saloon (in standard colour) and with each car the winner gets

1. 100 GALLONS OF PETROL
2. ROAD TAX PAID TO END OF YEAR
3. COMPREHENSIVE INSURANCE TO END OF YEAR

5 consolation prizes of £5
25 consolation prizes of £1



SEE THIS WONDERFUL CAR AT YOUR HILLMAN DEALER

Ride in this famous Minx and find out, for yourself why Hillman do not hesitate to claim it the most successful light car in the world! Only by seeing and riding in it can you begin to appreciate its thrilling performance. Many new features, including all-silent four speed Synchromesh gear box, make the Minx supreme at its price. Amazing petrol economy is proved by practical tests. Accelerating, cruising, climbing, braking—the Minx is the car for performance

Competitions to be judged by

PRUNELLA STACK

(Lady David Douglas Hamilton)

AND

"BIG-HEARTED" ARTHUR ASKEY

WIN! START NOW!

JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

I like Outspan Oranges because.....

(IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)

A new contest every week! Enter, enter now . . . enter every week! Thrilling prizes! 7 Hillman 1939 4-door Minx Touring Saloons . . . each with petrol to take you several thousand miles . . . taxed and fully insured to end of year! "The World's most successful light car" say the Minx's makers . . . 1939 Hillman Minx—with its big car roominess and performance—averaging amazingly low petrol consumption as proved by practical tests.
Taxed to end of year AND full comprehensive insurance to end of year.

AND . . 35 PRIZES OF £5, 175 PRIZES OF £1 EACH.
Every week 30 lucky runners-up win useful cash sum.

WHY? . . . These grand prizes are offered to get you to try Outspan Oranges—the pick of the South African Orange crop. Outspan Oranges are the sweetest, juiciest and healthiest oranges you can buy. Remember THAT, in finishing the sentence "I like Outspan Oranges because . . . . . " in 25 additional words or less.

HINTS HOW TO WIN! Eat Outspan Oranges as an after-meal dessert and as a between-meal refresher; squeeze Outspan Oranges for plentiful, delicious juice. Notice how sweet and full of juice they are, what a wonderful 'lift' they give you. Isn't that easy to write about? Isn't it easy to tell us about them in your own simple, sincere words? For example: "I like Outspan Oranges because they are so good for the children—I give them one or two each day and everyone says how bonny they look nowadays."

DON'T HESITATE TO ENTER! It's so easy to write a good sentence right out of your own experience. Nothing clever—nothing literary! The judges are looking for sentences that are simple and sincere—and that tell about some good use for Outspan Oranges.

DON'T DELAY! And remember—wrappers from *all* brands of South African Oranges will be accepted with your entry form.

READ THESE EASY RULES

1. Finish the sentence "I like Outspan Oranges because . . . ." in 25 additional words or less. Write on this entry form or one side of a piece of paper. Sign your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings or photographs with your entry.
2. Attach six wrappers from Outspan, Goldland, or any other brand of South African Oranges to each entry.
3. Post to Outspan Oranges, Minx Dept., 123 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.
4. There will be 7 weekly competitions. Weekly prizes listed in panels at side of car illustration.
5. Entries received before July 2 will be entered in the first week's competition. Thereafter entries will be entered in each week's competition received. Entries for the final week's competition must be postmarked before Saturday midnight August 12.

This Week's Competition CLOSES JULY 22nd.

Competitions continue weekly to August 12th.

6. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas become the property of the South African Citrus Committee. Any resident in Great Britain (not Eire) may enter except employees of the South African Citrus Committee, their advertising agents and their families.
7. Winners of the Hillman cars will be announced after the close of each competition in the following Wednesday's advertisement in the National Press.

ENTRY FORM

*I like Outspan Oranges because*_____

(FINISH THE ABOVE SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS—OR LESS)

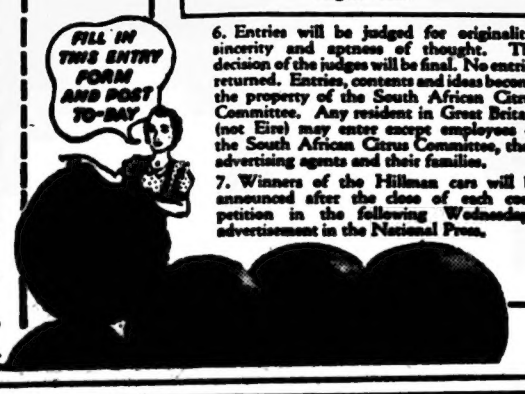
OUTSPAN ORANGES,
MINX DEPT.,
123 SHAFTESBURY AVE.,
LONDON, W.C.2.
Here is my entry for the Outspan Oranges Competition. I attach 6 wrappers from Outspan, Goldland, or any other brand of South African Oranges.

Name _____

Address _____

Name and address of shop where oranges were bought _____

J.B.H.2



FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS. MAKE money, sell again. Ladies' Gent's & Children's Bargains in Drapery, Silk Stockings, Hankies, Socks, Neckties, etc. Catalogue & Guide free, worth pounds.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 assid. articles 10/-. 60 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

DRAPERS.—112-p Illus Spring Catlg. Post Free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. Gntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co., (L. & H.), Ltd. 7 Trinity Street Leeds.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J.B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS to Sell, every kind, for Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (128), BIRMINGHAM

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS Wanted.—Eatonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest Comm. No outlay. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wines for Agents. Send for Catalogue and partics.—Eatons, (Dept. 28), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Highest Commission. Free gift. Big Cash prizes. Cat. free. F. J. TATZ, 26, NEVILLE STREET, LEEDS, 1.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Chocs., Cigs., etc. Prompt service. Comm. not reduced. Partics. free.—Garratt, Stockley Street, Northampton.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS should write for details of best Commission offer yet made.—Brigonia, 99B, East Parade, Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS. HIGHEST COMMISSION IN TRADE. Cadbury, Terry, Rowntree, Players, Wills, etc. Huge range Toys, Fancy Goods, XMAS GIFT every Agent. BIG CASH BONUS. P.C. brings Wonderful Catlg. & Comm. Terms —Midland Confectionery (Dept. 43), Shipley.

XMAS Club Agents Wanted. Highest Comm. A Square Deal Guaranteed.—Write for 300-page Cat. Terms. Free Gifts.—Humberside Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 40), Wright Street, Hull.

XMAS AGENTS. Reserve now the finest 1939 catlg. Chocs., Toys, Cigs., Footwear, Drapery, Fancy Goods. Tip-top Com. Finest quality goods. Free gifts, Big Cash Prizes. N.A.C.C.O. guarantee. Marvel Gift Club (N.), Thorpe, nr. Wakefield.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS, see our Unbeatable terms before deciding. Best Gift offer YOUR CHOOSING. Prizes. Satis. Gntd. Gift NOW every applicant.—EMBASSY (Dept. 9). Brighouse.

CASH Comm., 2/- to 7/6 in the £. Every Agent Beautiful Tea Set Free. Xmas Club Agents wtd. Dennis & Co. (Dept. J.), Colne, Lancs.

AGENTS wanted for easiest and simplest Xmas Club. Big Cash profits. Free gift value 5/6 to every agent. Huge coloured art Catalogue of Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, Wines, etc. No outlay. Free outfit and particulars from SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept. 14), Bradford.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Famous "MISTLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted, either sex. Biggest Commission offered. Also prizes. Book free.—OWEN'S, 6, Chapel St., Bradford.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS wanted for the oldest, largest and best club. New catalogue now ready. Over 1,000 articles. No outlay. Excellent commission. Free gift to every applicant for parties.—SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., MARSHALL ST., LEEDS.

OPPORTUNITY TO EARN BIG MONEY in your spare time. Makers of the most beautiful selection of Christmas Cards in the country will send you free specimens of the newest advance designs. No experience needed. Generous commission.—Write to G. DENTON & CO., LTD., Dept. 28A, ACCRINGTON.

A.R.P. AGENTS WANTED.
EVANEX—the Fire Extinguisher which fireproofs. Sells to Homes, Shops, Offices, Factories for 5s. 6d. Good terms, also commission on trade orders.—BEATTIES of SOUTHGATE, Safety House, LONDON, N.14.

EMPLOYMENT.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.

Men are now accepted for training as ARMOURERS, WIRELESS OPERATORS, FLIGHT/MECHANICS and FLIGHT/RIGGERS, MEDICAL AIRMEN, EQUIPMENT ASSISTANTS, TELEPRINTER OPERATORS, etc. Age limits, 17½-35.

There are also vacancies for skilled men in the following trades:—FITTERS, MOTOR DRIVERS, COOKS and BUTCHERS, CLERKS.

Apply at any Post Office for copy of free booklet or at the R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

AIR FORCE.—Young men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal Courres will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 19-22. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 827), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

NOW is your chance to get into a skilled key position. Fatherly advice free. Mention what interests you.—Write, P.A., Dept. N.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourself into a Key position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training; we can give you that by post. Full particulars free.—Dept. D.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE: 10s. per line of approximately six words. Minimum charge 30s.

POLICEMEN WANTED URGENTLY in all parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pens'ons. Ages 19-26. No experience. For full details of easy Entrance write B.T.I. (Dept. 802) 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

MEN who can handle tools "Wood or Metal" wanted as TEACHERS OF HANDICRAFTS in the Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence Course will fit you for an appointment. Advice on all Careers FREE.—Dept. E.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. These describe details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 1711), 356, Oxford Street London, W.1.

TELEPRINTER, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY, there are lots of vacancies. Our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

Now I'll finish my Easy Shave!
That's the best of EASY—
IT STAYS MOIST SO MUCH LONGER
Bless me! Someone's always in a scrape! Which reminds us that shaving is a scrape, too, unless you use Lever's EASY.
Ordinary lathers are apt to dry too quickly. By the time you reach the second side of your face the lather has dried up, the bristles are stiffening again, and it's scrape, scrape, scrape!
But with Lever's EASY the shave is smooth and effortless all the way. For EASY stays moist—keeps the beard really soft all through the shave. So use EASY and keep on good terms with your face!
LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK
6D A STICK
E 286-172-39
A LEVER PRODUCT

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged under 21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SHEET METAL WORKERS wanted everywhere. Now is your chance to get into a Key Position. Our Postal Courres will make you efficient. Particulars free.—Dept. S.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the police. Study at home in your spare time. Special courses for Entrance and Promotion. Full particulars or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service. FREE. —Dept. A.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 22—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 831), 356, Oxford Street LONDON W.1.

REPORTERS and Journalists are wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CIVIL SERVICE.—Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year; ages 15-24. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 256 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

SANCO MODEL AEROPLANES take off from the ground. A "Sanco" is something more than a toy. See advertisement on page 3.

THE Home Bargains Catalogue of Edward Bros., 29, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, will save you money. Lowest cash or instalments terms for Watches, Clocks, Household goods and Men's Wear. Ask for it—it is free.

2/6 DOWN secures Real Silvered Fur Tie. Write, mentioning John Bull to C. A. Sugden, Ltd., 169, Regent Street, London, W.1, for free catalogue of this and other bargains.

GARDENING.

ERECT A GARDEN SHED yourself. C. Albert & Co. offer the easy way to Shed, Garage and All-metal Bungalow Erection at terms within easy reach of all. See advert. on page 2.

GARDENING JOBS IN JULY.—Bedding flowers, sowing violets, hardening shrubs, tending the rockery, in the orchard—in all you have to do in your garden this month. Follow the expert advice of Richard Budd, in the July issue of "Gardening." In the 160 pages of this beautiful Gardening Magazine you will find no fewer than 29 interesting and helpful features all written in an easy, natural, over-the-garden fence" style. Don't miss: Enjoying a Leisure Week-end; Growing Hardy Orchids; A Rock Garden Gem; Border Carnations; Water Gardens; Flower Decorations; Garden Planning, etc., etc. "Gardening" shows you how to get the best results and the greatest enjoyment out of your garden. Get your copy of the July number to-day—on sale everywhere—6d.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 27/6 or 5/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.—R. E. Hall & Co. (Kent.) Ltd., 30, Portland Wood, Kent.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

HAVE YOU TRIED SELLING BY POST?

RETAILERS & SMALL TRADERS who have never explored the great Mail Order Field will do well to enquire all about THIS MODERN METHOD OF TRADING.

FREE ADVICE & INITIAL HELP GIVEN BY EXPERTS. No matter whether you be Tailor, Jeweller, Draper or sell Boots & Shoes, Furniture, Household Goods, or indeed anything. By advertising in John Bull's "Shop Window" your Bargain Offers can be quickly brought before MILLIONS OF PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMERS. As an instance, a single advertisement brought one advertiser NO LESS THAN 2,000 REPLIES. Why not share in this big business? Write on business letter-heading for full particulars of free advertising service to:—The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Department, John Bull, 87/89, Long Acre, LONDON, W.C.2.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keeper's Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.36, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane E.C.4.

THERE is nothing so safe and certain as CEFROS to cure a Headache—the Physicians' Remedy cannot fail. Single dose Tablets or Powder 2d. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE.—CEFROS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no straps. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (529Y), 99, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WORMS CURED.—Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

IF you suffer from Catarrh, don't overlook the Nodrolina advert. on page 31, in which a free sample can be obtained for a trial.

HAVE you tried a daily glass of Livaclean, a sparkling brand-new health salt. It gently cleanses, purifies and stimulates in a healthful, natural way to make you glow with life and energy. Health benefits. Work benefits. Face and figure benefit. Try it to-day. See page 32.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

A FREE copy of the new Yadil health book is offered on page 30.

MODERN women wear Tango Pure Silk Nets, which give protection to curls, waves and sets. Price 11d. each. See page 29.

WIN a car—or £100 cash—with a snapshot of your dog. Simply take a happy "snap" of your dog and enter it in the easy Dog Snapshot Competition run by the makers of Karswood Dog Powders. For further partics. see page 32.

HOUSEWIVES, get this free book. "Meals that are Different." Simply fill in the Coupon in the Stork advertisement on page 23 and a copy will be sent to you FREE!

ACCEPT this FREE double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Shampoo Shampoo if you write, mentioning John Bull, to Dept. J.B.20, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. See page 38.

FREE. Seven Hillman Cars are offered free in a simple competition. also consolation prizes. Turn to the Front Cover announcement for further particulars and send in your entry at once. Don't delay, send now, while you think of it.

NAIL-BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable health-endangering habit.—Pitex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

CARPET BARGAINS

9½d

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-carpet/- etc., we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Pretonia" Reversible REAL DURABLE SQUARE CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., hand-somely bordered, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Browns, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 3 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free.

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Road, Leeds.

Free Competition for readers OF JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

WHICH IS THE BEST BARGAIN HERE?

Merely state on a postcard which advertisement in this week's "JOHN BULL'S" "Shop Window" you consider offers the best bargain and the reason why. For the best 12 replies we offer

12 SURPRISE PRIZES

Write name and address in BLOCK LETTERS, and address to Manager, John Bull Postal Bargains, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Replies should not exceed 50 words. Any number of attempts on separate cards may be sent and there is no entrance fee. The Advertisement Director's decision is final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this competition. Last day for entries, July 26th.

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 25

ASTOUNDING BARGAIN!! 500 only

Genuine "Long Flight" MODEL AEROPLANES ONLY 5/6 POST & PKG. 9d.

Amaz ng Value

Fabric-covered, oiled-silk, streamlined body with detachable wings. 25-in. wing span, 20 in. overall. Ready assembled for immediate flight. Extra long range. Simple operation. Guaranteed performance. Super-powered, multi-strand rubber motor with shock-absorbing landing gear and aluminium wheels. Takes off from ground under own power. DELIGHTS CHILDREN—FASCINATES GROWN-UPS. Stoutly packed in box. DON'T MISS THIS UNREPEATABLE OFFER. Send P.O. for 5/6 with 9d. extra for post and packing.

Money returned if not entirely satisfied.

SANCO PRODUCTS

(J.B.A.101), 81, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.1.

FILMS FREE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

We lend your Camera FREE with an nine-reel British-made 'Gratispool' film to advertise the Gratispool Service. SO 'CATCH.' Send this advt. with name, address and 2d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return.

ALL STANDARD SIZES: 2½ x 2½, 4 x 2½, 3 x 3, or 3½ x 3½ ins., and to fit KODAK 620 Camera.

GRATISPOOL LTD. (Dept. J.B.16), 207, William Street, Glasgow, C.3.

TIMBER BUILDINGS

List Free

Bungalows	£19
Entertainment Halls	£35
Pavilions	£25
Iron Buildings	£7
Motor Houses	£2
Army Huts	£15
Workshops	£13
Shop & Store	£25
Shelters	£9
Stabling	£18

Also all types of Buildings in Cedar and Elm.

LIST FREE CASH OR EASY TERMS

C. ALBERT & CO.

(Dept. J.B.),

187, BRIXTON HILL, LONDON, S.W.2

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

for 3/-

10 gn. MODEL FOR 75/-

DEPOSIT

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification. Wide View "Screw and Eyepiece Focus." Bending Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 70/6 is paid, or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 128),

94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

1 WAY BEDCHAIR

Easy Chair Lounge Chair Full-length Bed Fire-side Seat

FULL SIZE

17/6

69 in. long when extended. 23in. wide. Solid oak. 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carriage paid home, 2/6, Eng., Scot. and Wales.

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.,

82, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

3d per day 18ct GOLD

For 10 years this watch will give you faithful time-keeping. Advance 1939 model, lies snugly on wrist and fitted with a damp-proof, shock-proof, Geneva lever movement, which is proof against electricity, vibration and shocks. Send 3d. deposit and 3d. for packing and post—if satisfied send 1s. 6d. within 7 days and 1s. 6d. fortnightly until 14s. 6d. is paid in all. Cash price 12s. 6d.—Ladies' model 2s. extra. This is a liquidator's stock, worth double, so send 6d. P.O. now to receive this amazing bargain on approval.

C. DAVIES (Dept. J.D.W.6), Ezzel House, Whitcomb Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

Perfect Figure Control

WITH

'DR. WALES' CORSET

For Uplift with freedom of movement, adjustable control and strong wearing qualities you MUST try 'DR. WALES' ABDOMA CORSET. This corset is designed for the figure that just will not conform to the trim and shapely lines of to-day. Where ordinary corsets cannot successfully exercise the required control, the ABDOMA becomes an absolute necessity. It is scientifically designed to be figure forming. The abdominal control straps ensure your complete comfort and encourage attractive, slender lines. Made from Beasley's heavy quality "Dura" material, with unbreakable steels carefully covered. Strong elastic panels and lace back adjustment for perfect freedom. Note also the tabs on both sides of the busk by which abdominal support is obtained by one simple pull, giving perfect hip control. Fitted four strong suspenders. Every 'Dr. Wales' Corset is GUARANTEED to give satisfactory and lasting wear. Waist sizes 24 to 44ins. (every inch).

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR CREDIT. PRICE 10/11

SENT ON APPROVAL Postage 6d.

For 1/- only and 6d. post, this garment will be sent on approval and you may pay the balance of Cash Price on receipt or in five monthly payments of 2/- each. Brassiere to match, complete diaphragm and "uplift." 5/11 up to 50in. bust. Cash with order unless purchased with corset. Complete Set (i.e., Corset and Brassiere) 15/11. Deposit 1/-, postage 6d., and balance on receipt or in 5 equal monthly payments or earlier. We also make these models in Super Quality Broche and Art Silk elastic. The Corset 15/11, Super Brassiere 7/11 and Complete Set for 21/11. Deposit 2/-, postage 6d. and balance by return or in 5 monthly payments.

YOURS FOR 1/- DOWN

Send P.O. for Deposit and postage, stating which quality required, also bust, waist and hip measurements next to skin, and promise balance as above. Catalogue FREE. If interested ask for Latest Dress Fashion Folder.

BEASLEY'S CORSET DEPT. 8, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDX.

West End Salons: 45, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Manchester Salons: 270, DEANSGATE.

Positively the Greatest Bargain ever offered to the

DEAF

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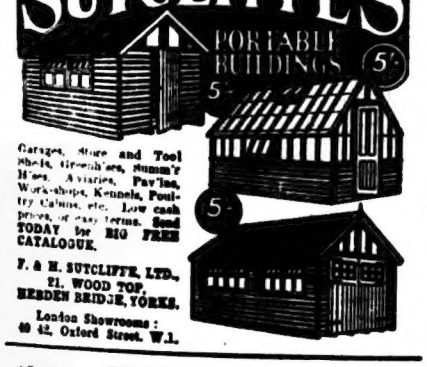

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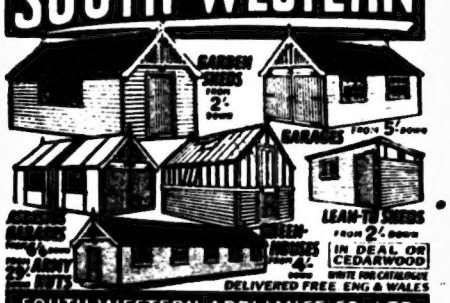

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Straight from the Shoulder

Britain Shows Her Teeth

ALL the grim efforts being made to convince the German and Italian Governments that Britain's military machine is now running smoothly do not mean that Downing Street expects war.

The flights of bombers over France, the calling-up of Territorials and Reservists, the advancing of the naval manœuvres from September to August, Count von Schwerin's tour of our military establishments—these have a very different motive.

Time to Listen

They are designed to show the Axis Powers that there may never be another opportunity so good as the present for listening to sweet reason.

You may think it a curious way to get peace talks going, but that's the idea at the back of the Prime Minister's mind.

They Know Now

But it is the German man-in-the-street who has done as much as anyone to banish the fear of a European war. German business men now in this country say that the immensity of British rearmament has had deep psychological effect.

One returned to Berlin "appalled" by our defence preparations.

Spreading the News

"My country seems peaceful compared to yours," he said on leaving. "There is little talk of war in our towns.

"But in Britain—fighter 'planes droned over my head all night and every night. Wherever I went I found men drilling; new aerodromes are springing up everywhere."

His impression is the same as that gathered by all German visitors. They spread the news when they get back home. And they add quietly that Hitler would be mad to provoke trouble.

San Fairy Ann !

The French people, once gravely alarmed, are confident that the war peril has passed. They are rather contemptuously amused by the scares sometimes spread by our less responsible newspapers.

"Hitler will talk soon," they say. "He'll find he'll have to. So why worry?"

(*Continued overleaf*)

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

AT HOME—

A scandal over inflated prices for tea may break soon. Mincing Lane is trying to bring the offenders to heel.

* * *

Count Grandi is going back to Rome not mainly because of health or a feeling that he has finished his work in London. It's thought desirable that Italy shall have a less pro-British ambassador in London to stimulate the campaign of bluster.

* * *

And Mussolini is satisfied that the Count, once so popular in his native land as to threaten to eclipse the Duce, has been so long in exile that that danger has passed.

* * *

Finally, he will be used to offset the wildly pro-German Foreign Minister Ciano.

* * *

Swimming pool is to be built at Balmoral, where the Royal Family will spend the summer holiday. Aberdeen coast is considered too far away for the young princesses to visit for a swim each day.

* * *

Oil for R.A.F. use is to be produced at a projected £5,000,000 oil-from-coal plant near Morecambe, Lancs.

* * *

ALL FOREIGN INVESTMENTS HELD BY BRITISH CONCERNS WOULD BE USED, IF WAR CAME, TO BUY FOOD AND MATERIALS FROM ABROAD. BANKS, INVESTMENT TRUSTS AND INSURANCE HOUSES HAVE BEEN OFFICIALLY ASKED FOR LISTS OF SUCH BONDS.

* * *

Further reserves of wheat are being bought; large portion of Rumania's crop will arrive here in the autumn.

* * *

But though official spokesmen declare we have ample stocks of necessities, our supplies of sugar, cotton, rubber, copper and lead are gravely low.

* * *

Treasury isn't keen on U.S.A. proposals to end "double taxation" between the two countries. It doesn't want to encourage British firms to open American branches and thus take money abroad.

* * *

Rush orders for thirty small, high-speed escort vessels have been placed by Admiralty.

* * *

Insurance companies, protesting to Whitehall against black-out rehearsals, fear rush of claims from motorists involved in accidents through driving without headlights.

Goodbye to a good friend of Britain — Count Grandi

—AND ABROAD

SOVIET WAR COMMISSAR VOROSHILOFF HAS ORDERED THAT RUSSIA MUST HAVE 3,000,000 MEN UNDER ARMS BY AUGUST 1.

* * *

Lord Halifax has been told that the Polish Government wouldn't worry if the Anglo-Soviet talks failed. If Russia enters into an alliance she will need all her war supplies at home; if not, she will be able to sell arms to Poland, which badly needs them.

* * *

Roosevelt's advisers have warned him to expect another war-blackmail move by Hitler before the end of this month.

* * *

U.S. FLEET NOW STATIONED ON PACIFIC COAST MAY BE SENT TO HAWAII. THIS PLAN, RECEIVING CONFIDENTIAL CONSIDERATION, WOULD OBVIOUSLY BE INTENDED AS A WARNING TO JAPAN AND SUPPORT FOR BRITAIN.

* * *

Canadian police have collected evidence which will probably lead to deportation of high officials in Canadian Nazi organisation.

* * *

Watch Yugoslavia. Axis Powers are getting busy again there—and the Yugoslavs have no defensive alliance with Britain or France.

* * *

German attempts to persuade Lithuania to stage a frontier dispute with Poland have failed.

* * *

GERMAN AIR MINISTRY SUGGESTED FLIGHTS OF GERMAN BOMBERS OVER ITALY; IDEA HAS BEEN TURNED DOWN LEST IT ADDED TO ITALIANS' DISTRUST OF GERMANY AND PROVOKED TROUBLE.

* * *

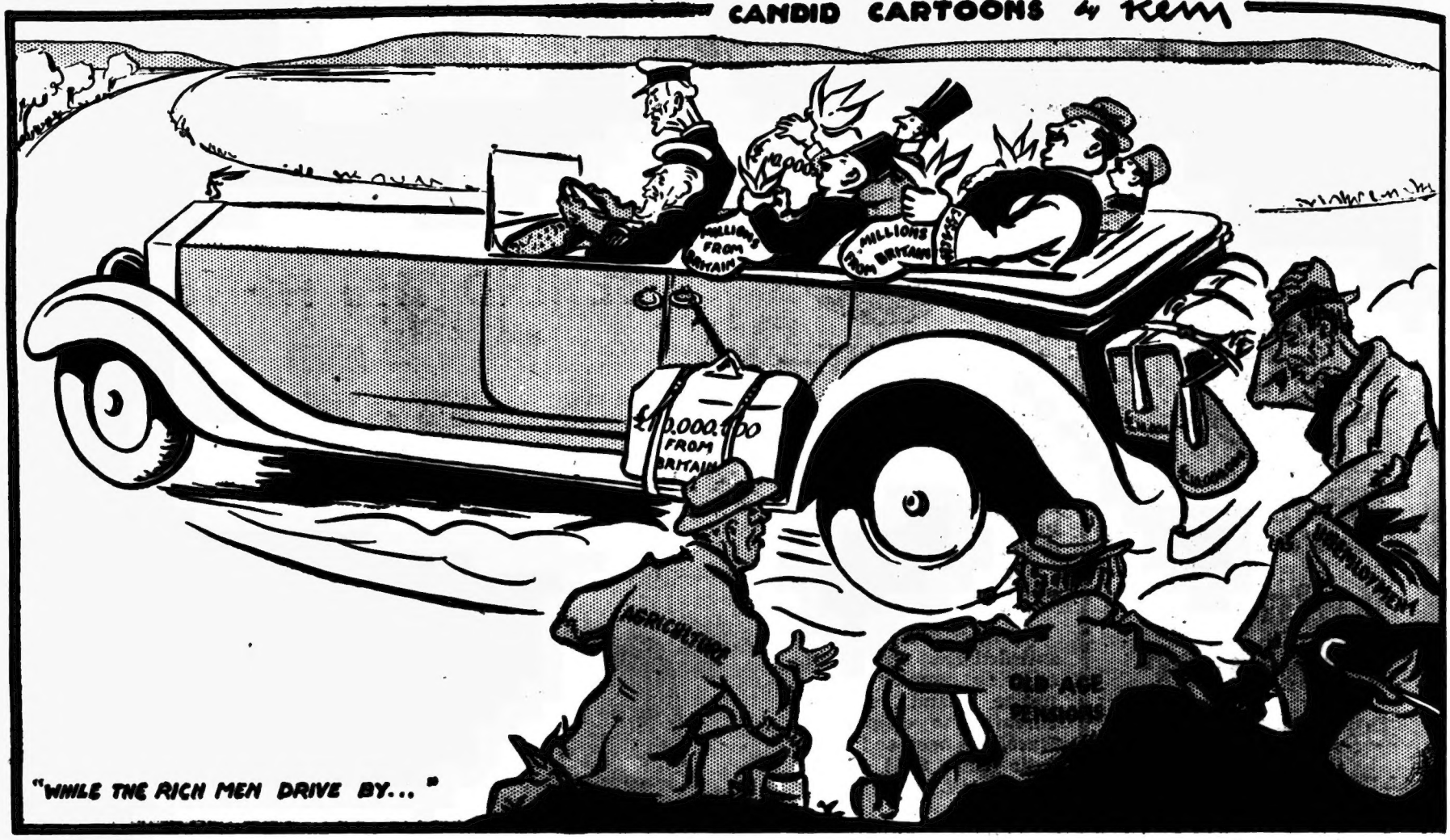
Goebbels' admission that Germany would be starved out in three months of warfare—hence the necessity for "lightning war" tactics—is not denied, but is criticised as indiscreet by Goering and Hess.

* * *

New evidence of slow-down in Germany: Coal production is a thousand tons a day less than this time last year, though extra 36,000 miners are employed. Figures are official.

* * *

"JOHN BULL" CAN TELL YOU THAT THE BIG FRENCH SPY SCANDAL INVOLVES SEVERAL POLITICIANS, INCLUDING AN EX-PREMIER, WHO WERE ASSOCIATES OF OTTO ABETZ, ALLEGED GERMAN AGENT. NO WONDER NAMES ARE BEING HUSHED UP!



Continuing Straight from the Shoulder

Squandermania in Whitehall

No Holidays for 9,000,000!

Not understanding the real reason for our bombers' flights over their country, they ask: "Unnecessary, are they not? Everyone knows how strong is the British Air Force."

Clouds Passing

Whitehall, though prepared for further Axis demonstrations during the next three months, also believes that the really critical time is over.

Remember that when dolts tell you the supposed date of "Der Tag."

Naughty, Naughty

Finally, it is worth noting that the Nazis are losing their grip in some parts and that German A.R.P. is no more above criticism than our own.

In Cologne every householder has been ordered to pull up iron garden railings and give them to the State. Some obeyed, many refused.

Down the streets went the Storm Troopers. "You are very unpatriotic people," they said, and just passed on.

Black-out

At Kiel, the naval port, an A.R.P. test has just been held. The result brought a sharp rebuke from Berlin.

Half the sirens failed to sound the warning. Telephone lines jammed. Auxiliary fire engines broke down, went to the wrong places, put out imaginary fires at a snail's pace.

You'll Pay

Too often, though, inefficiency begins at home. Once again the British Admiralty's financial methods are attacked by that Parliamentary watchdog, the Committee of Public Accounts.

At first the construction of a survey ship, *Research*, was estimated at £60,000. Now it's jumped to £235,000.

A heavy increase in its estimated annual maintenance costs was not notified to the Treasury because, it seems, certain documents were "mislaid."

Spendthrift Seadogs

Moreover, an extension to Chatham barracks was authorised only on the condition that the cost was reduced from £41,920 to £38,920. Actually, £49,300 was spent!

A year ago we told you of a similarly amazing example of naval finance.

But the wooden heads of Old England, apparently, have not yet been knocked against the wall in the hope of making them more careful when spending public money. Will Parliament apply this chastisement?

Answer, Please

Next question is addressed directly to our gold-braided sea-dogs:

Will the prime lessons already indicated by the *Thetis* enquiry affect the design of the six new submarines which are to be rushed through during the next few months?

There are six lessons: three on submarine safety, three concerned with rescue measures.

Watertight

Can there not be an interlocking device to prevent a torpedo tube rear door being opened while a bow cap is also open?

In that doomed vessel, bulkheads were placed so far aft as to admit a great volume of water. Could not the safer design of older submarines be reinstated?

The fore hatch fitting was so loose that precious air escaped. Cannot our designers invent a hatch that will remain pressure-tight in all circumstances?

Life Lines

As for safety measures, many foreign vessels carry telephones in their marking buoys. So should British underwater craft.

The *Thetis* had two air line inlets; many foreign submarines have four. Lastly, there should be rescue boats standing by during diving tests.

The points we have mentioned are accepted facts, and they should influence those responsible for our new submarines.

No Shirking

Here's another statement that should be spread throughout the land: 100,000 young men have tried to join the R.A.F. since 1933.

And yet there are white-whiskered, armchair fools who still babble that "compulsion is the only way."

Militia Pensions

We shall have a grain of respect for those critics if they echo our plea for proper arrangements to investigate pension claims of Militiamen who may be discharged as medically unfit.

Regulations provide that a pension can be granted only if disability is directly attributed to service conditions. No pension if it's decided that the disability was a latent one which appeared during service but was not due to it.

Remedy

The applicant has no redress, no statutory right of appeal against such a decision. This must be altered. And the machinery is already available in the independent Pensions Appeal Tribunal.

Why not use it for that purpose?

Protect Our Homes!

Even more short-sighted and inexcusably mean is the official attitude towards the vastly important question of insuring private property in the event of war.

If we are to be prepared, then for sanity's sake let us make our preparations complete. And, frankly, we don't believe the Ministers who whine that a war risks scheme cannot be worked out.

A scheme has, in fact, been outlined by Mr. Baldwin-Webb, M.P., and it seems to us an easily workable one.

Crooks are Busy

The Government's callous neglect of its responsibilities in this direction is undermining public confidence, hindering recruitment for voluntary defence services, and giving a rich opportunity to mushroom concerns that know nothing of insurance and whose main concern is fee-snatching.

Mr. Baldwin-Webb's proposals must be examined. And quickly.

Nine Luckless Millions

M.P.s, as you know, will start their two months' holiday on August 4. It will be a paid holiday—at the rate of nearly £12 a week.

We don't begrudge that. But nine million ordinary workers are still denied holidays-with-pay, despite the Minister of Labour's activities. So bring in that compulsory law!

Dumpers and Dodgers

But throw out those 250,000 cases of Japanese "salmon" from the Liverpool warehouses!

We're tired of the ever-increasing dumping of Japanese tinned foods—many of which are unlabelled and many of which, we have reason to say, are labelled as "British" before being sent to retailers.

We are even more tired of the evasions of Ministers who are asked to take action.

Percy Stovold—martyr

"We have never printed a more shocking story of the martyrdom of the innocent!"

WHAT THEY DID TO A HERO

OF Democracy we are proud.

We believe that under its sway the humblest individual may enjoy, as a right, freedom and justice to a degree unheard of under any other régime.

When we read of tyranny and torture and inhumanity in other lands we are inclined to shrug our shoulders smugly and say: "It couldn't happen here."

But it does happen here—every day of every week.

It happens here because, for all our democratic ideals, we have tyranny, too—the tyranny of Red Tape that will not stretch.

If you don't believe it—listen to the story of Percy Stovold, of Salisbury.

At forty-three he is an honest, hard-working navvy. He asks no more of life than a roof for his wife and seven children, and work which will enable him to keep them.

He joined the Royal West Surrey Regiment in 1912 to make the Army his career, telling a white lie to disguise the fact that he was under age.

AFTER experiencing the bitterest fighting at Festubert, Arras and other places, he lay in agony for seven hours on the Somme with shrapnel in his back.

It didn't take the doctors long to decide that Percy Stovold's military life was ended.

And by the time his disability pension of 22s. 6d. a week had faded away to nothing—unlike his war wounds, which still trouble him—he was engaged in battles of a different kind, always in the vicinity of Salisbury.

He lost a job when he had a wife and four young children to keep.

For fourteen years after that, he kept making fresh starts. But always his war-scarred back was too weak for the jobs that came his way.

There was one thing to his discredit in those years of searching for jobs and losing them soon after he had found them.

Having quarrelled with a farmer who employed him, he went along to the Warminster Public Assistance Committee for help.

That committee kept him waiting two weeks.

So when there was no food in the house, desperate, he was fool enough to set fire to the farmer's haystack, for which offence he was sent to prison for two years.

He left prison to find his family living in three rooms, in Salt Lane, Salisbury, and to hear, from the lips of neighbours and tradesmen, what wonderful efforts his wife had made to keep a roof over their heads.

When their lodgings were condemned, he was optimistic enough to put his name down for a council house, and it is to the credit of the Salisbury housing committee that his name was added to their lists.

But the outcome was galling.

In the week when the Salisbury authorities decided that he could have one of their available houses, the Wiltshire Public Assistance Committee transferred Mrs. Stovold and her children to Gosport in the mistaken idea that they belonged to that town!

The husband went there hot-foot after them. His family was duly handed over. A kindly lorry-driver agreed to give them a lift back to Salisbury.

But when they got back it was to find that their council house had been snapped up by somebody else. They had to return to the condemned property.

From then onwards Fate struck hard and often.

In April last, Mr. and Mrs. Stovold and their family were evicted.

To-day, the three chairs, sofa and pitiable wreckage of bedsteads that are their sole possessions still remain in the half-demolished house.

A Salvation Army lassie gathered them up in the street, tended them as long as she was able, and at length, after they had walked the streets of Salisbury for hours, they found themselves at the door of the Institution.

PERCY STOVOLD saw his broken-hearted wife and their children led away.

Then, to his horror, they put him in the mental ward. Not because he was "mental," but because there was no room elsewhere.

Days went by, and then he found himself in the garden—alone. One thought filled his mind. . . .

How to get a job. How to get his family together again under one roof.

He thought of the years of trekking he had done for work. There was usually a job of some sort at the end of it, he told himself, if only at 17s. a week.

Very well, as work wouldn't come looking for him, he would go looking for it . . . yet once more.

So into the lane crept Percy Stovold.

On and on for many a weary mile he trudged, with the question "Have you got a job for me?" on his lips.

And at last, after a week of searching, at a site where a huge new military camp is being built, he was given work—and the promise of a house as well!

HE could scarcely wait for the day when he would be free to return to Salisbury with the good news, but at last the chance came. . . .

What was this official at Salisbury telling him? That he had left his wife and children chargeable to the Guardians, who had spent £11 4s. on them while he was running away?

Yes, running away was the expression used—although he had just come back to break the good news. And what was this—a warrant out for his arrest?

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Picture Percy Stovold, wounded and disillusioned ex-soldier, in the dock.

We will quote from brief reports of the case given in local newspapers:

Extract 1.—Stovold: "I did not run away to desert my wife and children. I went away to try to get a home for them."

Extract 2.—The Mayor: "The Bench feel you were fit for work, and there was work to be done at Tower House (*i.e.*, the Institution) when you left. You are liable to three months' imprisonment, but they are going to treat you leniently and only sentence you to one month. **And they do hope that when you come out you will make an effort to do something for your wife and children."**

As the law stands, the magistrates had no choice of action. What they did they had to do.

That, then, is the story of Percy Stovold, whose crime is that he tried to do something for his wife and children.

We have never printed a more shocking story of martyrdom of the innocent.

Would you say that what happened represents the will of the people? No! Yet in a democracy the will of the people is supposed to prevail.

The case is exceptional certainly, but there are too many of these cruel exceptions—because there is too little elasticity in the administration of our democratic system.

Democracy will be real democracy only when justice is tempered with compassion.

Voice of the People

Chief subject of conversation in Britain to-day is National Service. Everybody's talking about it, everybody's thinking about it—everybody's doing it.

Ninety per cent. of the letters sent by readers to "Voice of the People" in the last week have dealt with some aspect of it. That is why we devote the whole available space to-day to——

TOPIC NO. 1

Some of the National Services readers write about. Left to right, Naval Reservist, Territorial, Auxiliary Fireman, Civil Air Guard, Women's Army, Air Raid Warden

I AM driving a steam-roller in the construction of —— Military Camp, in the West Country.

I am earning more than double what I would get anywhere else. On this job labourers are drawing £6 a week, foremen £10, general foremen up to £25, surveyors and others salaries which you can guess at.

I suppose I ought to feel grateful; but I think it is a shame that, in the name of war, people like myself, who are normally underpaid, are given inflated wages at the expense of the taxpayers—among them 10s. a week old age pensioners.—Driver J. A. F. (address suppressed for obvious reasons).

Why Be Drab?

Is it common-sense that, to serve my country as a woman, I should have to wear an ugly uniform?

Some old fogey must have designed the W.A.T.S. outfit, with its "tippy" cap instead of a sensible beret—and everything just as drab.

Best wear for women—and most women will agree—would be a plain, short coat with two small pockets; neat skirt with large pocket in the side; and a beret. And blue would attract twice as many women as khaki does.—Eva Cecilly Farrar, Willow Grove, Beverley, E. Yorks.

His Pay is Cut

I joined the local Terriers in Crisis Week.

And now I have been told at the local mill where I am employed that my wages will be reduced by 10s. a week, as I am "making enough money out of the Terriers."—G. N., Cow Lane, Borrington, Macclesfield.

I Remember . . .

I am a woman of 62. My work for my country is doing my duty to a militiaman son.

These young men seem to think the word Militia is a new one, but it isn't.

I remember staying on a farm at Cirencester, nearly 50 years ago, when the Militia were staying there, and I recall their quaint song:

"Right! Stand attention! All stand at ease!
Clothes fitting nowhere, boots twenty-threes,
We're the Militia, always in the right,
Rum 'uns to look at, but good 'uns in a fight."—A. LEADER, Easthampstead Road, Bracknell, Berks.

Feathered Air Force

All the members of our homing pigeon club have answered the official appeal to offer our birds for national service.

Yet the Bedwellty Urban District Council, in removing several members from condemned premises to council estates, refuses to let them take their birds or lofts with them. Nobody encourages the pigeon-lover nowadays.

This Council doesn't only refuse to let members keep pigeons—it refuses even to give consideration to the question.—A. Bendle, Secretary, Blackwood and District Homing Society, Blackwood, Mon.

Where Money Goes

In one part of England which I have visited recently on Government work, steel shelters are erected in this way:—

Private contractors undertake the work at £2 8s. per shelter, on proving that they have the capital to pay nine weeks' wages for four men. They pay a team of four men 17s. 6d. per shelter, which means a profit of £1 10s. 6d. each shelter.

As four men erect four every day, the contractors make a profit of £6 2s. per team per day, or £36 12s. per working week.—L. W. A., Warmley, near Bristol.

Out of Bounds

Scene: A huge Territorial camp which I visited recently.

An ex-Service man having opened a canteen in competition with an official one, his place was put out of bounds to the troops.

Four men were confined to barracks for spending their money where they wanted to, which should be any man's privilege.—B. I. S., Wilts.

"Dud" Masks

My fiancé, doing A.R.P. duties, had to enter a gas chamber wearing a civilian mask. The gas penetrated. He had to make a hurried exit.

"It's a dud mask," they told him. And, seeing that you have had no opportunity of testing yours, how do you know your mask isn't?—D. E. ANGELL, 1, Moyes Road, Oulton Broad, near Lowestoft.

Caution: Don't test your mask with domestic gas. It offers no protection whatsoever.

Barred from Camp

Curious that a Government which compels every young man to have six months' military training doesn't compel employers to allow those of their workers who are Territorials to go to camp.

Mine refuses to let me go. So I shall never get real annual training. Yet if I had waited to be called to the Militia I would have got plenty of it. Use compulsion against employers, too, I say!—C. E. W., Green Dragon Lane, Brentford, Middlesex.

Price of Patriotism

Although a widow of fifty, with a son of twelve, I offered myself for general national service, stating a preference for farm work, but insisting that I should be near enough to home to look after my boy.

I have just received a form from the local Institute of Agriculture offering me tuition at Northampton, 30 miles away, for two guineas (quite a few widows' pensions!).

From what I gather, I shall be taught to truss and prepare poultry for table. Yet I don't seem to remember seeing much poultry in the shops in the last war!—Mrs. Helen Offord, Nassington, Peterborough.

Short-Waves Wanted

The writer of this letter is aware that there are more than 60 auxiliary fire stations in the Manchester area, all communicating by telephone. Hospitals, Air Raid Wardens, etc., depend on the same means of communication.

As bombs can uproot underground cables as well as blow down overhead ones, there would be a great need for ultra-short-wave wireless apparatus if war came. Why not see that such apparatus is available?—R. LAWTON, Whalley Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.

Made in Germany

As a machine-tool maker on rearmament work, I know that the finest machine-tool makers in the world are the British.

Yet 30 per cent. of our imported machine tools come from Germany, to whom we have paid £5,000,000 for these articles in the last four years.—C. B., Abbey Hulton, Stoke-on-Trent.

Disillusioned . . .

My pal wanted to help his country afloat, went to the naval recruiting office, passed all exams. and medical tests and was sent to Portsmouth.

There, despite the fact that he had given up his good civilian job, they failed him for his eyesight. He is now at home again, unemployed, bitterly disillusioned.—MASTER W. MCATEE, Paris Street, Belfast.

Per Month!

We militiamen are told: "The Army will treat you with understanding."

Enclosed advertisement shows to what an extent the professional soldier understands the civilian and what value he puts upon his services.—NEW RECRUIT, Shorncliffe, Kent.

(Royal Artillery Officers' Mess, Shorncliffe, advertises for man, preferably R.A. sergeant or above, to supervise mess staff, keep accounts and undertake the catering. Married quarters available. Wages, £3 10s. to £4 per month.)

Wasted Training

I am 20, and for as long as I can remember, I have wanted to fly.

So the Civil Air Guard came as a godsend to me. I spent all my pocket-money on uniform or training, and had got as far as landings (and nearly solo flying) when the Conscription Bill was introduced.

All my time, all my money has been wasted. I have got to do bob-a-day service wherever they like to send me.—E. BRAMHALL, Calder Terrace, Conisborough, near Doncaster.

PROBLEMS of the MILITIA

OF the quarter of a million young men awaiting their call to Militia service thousands have already sought and obtained the advice of JOHN BULL.

Every letter presents an interesting aspect of Britain's rearmament effort as well as its particular problem, as you can see from the following examples:

We went out to see the Militia camp that is being prepared for us. It is miles from anywhere, about which there can be no grumbles.

But surely a couple of huts with chairs, tables and simple refreshment facilities could be provided in each camp, so that men can meet their visiting relatives and friends in some sort of decency, and not under dripping trees.—J. D., Bentley Road, Birkenhead.

* * *

My brother, due for Militia duty, has not been sacked by his employer in consequence. Oh, no! He has been told that he can never get any more increases in pay. In this and other ways, he is being compelled to discharge himself.

Has the Government thought of the many young men who will be treated like that?—A. C. Spaughton, Battersby Road, Catford, S.E.6.

* * *

Due to paralysis, my father hasn't worked for twenty years. Through the same complaint my sister can only earn a few shillings. My mother suffers from rheumatism, so that I am the only breadwinner in the home. Yet I have been informed that I can get no allowance.—Colin Fisher, Luddington, near Scunthorpe, Lincs.

(This reader has been misinformed, like many hundreds of others. We are advising him by post how to get justice for his family.—Editor, JOHN BULL.)

* * *

The Royal Navy turned down my son. Examining his heart, the doctor said he was lucky to be alive.

He tried the "Terriers," was failed for the same reason.

He goes into dead faints, remembers nothing as to what happened. Yet the Militia welcome him, are drafting him to anti-aircraft guns.—Mr. A. G. C., Harefield Road, Swaythling, Hants.

● *This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

Is something angering you, amusing you, puzzling you? Then write us a letter about it. Or send us a photograph.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Five typical people of the Tyrol, the latest vantage-ground of the Dictators. But don't let events there distract your attention from Danzig, which remains the real danger-zone of Europe

The Biggest Plot in History!

by A. G. Gardiner

HITLER has suffered his first check in the vast game he is playing for world dominion.

But for that check he would already have gobbled up Danzig as he has in turn gobbled up Austria, Czechoslovakia and Memel.

It may be only a temporary check and no one supposes that he has given up his quarry.

But whatever the issue, the fact is momentous.

He has been baulked, and the circumstances in which he has been baulked may well prove to be the turning point in the destiny of Europe and of the world.

For Danzig is a vital move in his strategy, and if he fails there not only will his aims be thwarted, but his prestige will receive a shock.

And his prestige is his most important asset.

It is based upon two assumptions—first, the irresistible power of his arms; second, that the democracies have neither the spirit nor the force to resist him.

For two years he has, through his marvellous propaganda, exploited these two assumptions with such success that he has come within sight of universal victory without firing a shot, and has built up such a prestige both in Germany and in the world outside Germany as Napoleon himself after fifty battles never enjoyed.

Challenge

Now, for the first time, the assumptions upon which that prestige rests have been challenged.

They have been challenged in the only language he understands—the language of arms and the will to use them. And he has paused.

The significance of that pause must not be mistaken.

Let us first be clear as to what is at stake at Danzig.

"What is Danzig to us?" ask the simpletons who, unconsciously, no doubt, are the creatures of Hitler's policy here. "Why should British soldiers be sacrificed for the status of Danzig?"

They are the same people who asked what concern we had with the doings of Mussolini and Hitler in Spain, with Hitler's conquest of Austria, his seizure of Czechoslovakia and Memel, or with Mussolini's annexation of Abyssinia and Albania.

They will go on proclaiming their defeatism at every new swoop of the gangster powers, Poland, Rumania and the rest, under the infantile conviction that having made himself master of Europe and the Mediterranean with our tacit consent, Hitler will be kind to us!

As if the inheritance of the British Empire and world dominion were not the ultimate goal of Hitler and the daily theme of Goebbels' worldwide propaganda and Bohle's worldwide conspiracies.

Enough of these dunces in our midst. They are growing fewer and will all have vanished to their rabbit-holes ere long. We are a people yet, as Goebbels and his friends here will discover.

I return to the dunce's question: "What is Danzig to us?" The independence of Danzig is as vital to the British Empire as the independence of China is.

If it goes the independence of Poland will inevitably follow, for without access to the sea Poland is doomed.

And, with Poland following the way of Czechoslovakia, Rumania is doomed, too, and the Balkan League becomes a wreck.

In a word, Danzig is the key not only to the Baltic, but to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean.

If Hitler seizes it he will be master of Europe from the Baltic and the Rhine to the Adriatic and the Sea of Marmora.

Is that nothing to us, nothing to the British Empire?

It is so much to us that if it happens the dissolution of the British Empire, which Goebbels has repeatedly told the world is already achieved, will be indeed in sight of accomplishment.

Those who argue that the problem of Danzig must be judged on its merits as a local matter are playing Hitler's hand. He has described his strategy in *Mein Kampf* in words which should be burned into our minds. I will quote them:

> "A wise victor will always impose his claim on the defeated people stage by stage. Dealing with a people that has grown defeatist—and this is every people who have voluntarily submitted to force—he can then rely on this fact that in not one of those future acts of oppression will it seem sufficient reason to take up arms again."

Defeatism

That is the strategy by which he has spread the blight of defeatism among the democracies.

He has tested them "stage by stage"—in the Rhineland, in Spain, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, in Memel.

Nowhere has his policy been challenged. At each stage his threat of force has been "voluntarily submitted to," and at each stage his success has grown, his prestige at home been enhanced and the spirit of defeatism abroad deepened.

We have refused to see that each stroke was only a move in a vast design.

We have fallen into his trap and looked at each separate act of aggression as if it were a local incident to be judged in isolation and on its merits.

New Napoleon

And so, with surprise upon surprise, he has changed the whole balance of power and manœuvred himself into a dictatorship of Europe as formidable as that of Louis XIV or Napoleon at their zenith.

It was not until the sudden swoop upon Prague on March 15 that the innocents whom he had hoodwinked awoke to the terrific menace that threatened them.

And out of that awakening came the hurried formation of the Peace Front and the tremendous speeding up of armaments.

Hitler, with his disguise now torn off, hastened to seize Memel and prepared for the master-coup of Danzig.

The Peace Front was unable to save Memel, but it was just in time to prevent the seizure of Danzig becoming a *fait accompli* before action would be taken and the bluff called.

The rout has been stayed, and the fate of Europe hangs upon the fate of Danzig.

Stand Firm

Weakness here would be criminal and it would be final, for the plea that this is a "local incident" no longer counts.

The Peace Front has declared that an act of aggression at Danzig would be a *casus belli*, and any retreat from that position would be such a resounding victory for the Axis that there could be no recovery.

The war of nerves that Hitler has relied on must be brought to the test here.

Whether we have succeeded in convincing the gangster that the democracies are not saturated with defeatism, that the British Empire is not down and out and that further aggression means war, we do not know.

But for the moment Hitler has been checked, and if war is to be averted every ounce of pressure available must be directed to making the Peace Front too formidable to permit of a gamble.

This is no time for overtures of peace. They would only be misunderstood—as they have always been misunderstood by Hitler—as the confessions of weakness and surrender.

He reckons only in terms of force, and it is in terms of force alone that we must speak to-day.

He will not heed the amber light of mingled appeal and threats. It is only the red light of stern and unflinching resistance that will restrain him.

Let us see that that light flames over the warning "Hands Off Danzig!"

When the Water Tank Burst

"I SHAN'T be long," said Mother. "Just a bit of shopping to do."

Whereupon the slamming of the front door told her twelve-year-old son, left in charge of the home, that she had gone.

Now he was a lad who had always enjoyed little responsibilities. He liked Mother to come back and find the place just as she had left it; better than she left it, if possible.

So he walked into the kitchen to see what he could do.

It was at that moment that the water tank burst.

Not only water, but soot and ashes, too, came cascading over the furniture Mother kept so well polished, the carpets and linoleum she kept so clean.

He searched in vain for the tap that would turn the water off at source. He ran for the next-door neighbour, hoping that he would know where to find it. They searched for it together.

And just as they found it Mother returned, to stand aghast at the damage to her home.

That was surprise No. 1—a dismal surprise. But surprise No. 2 was to follow, a cheerful one. Let us tell it in that mother's own words, the words she used in a letter to JOHN BULL:

"I wish to convey my thanks for your kindly cheque to replace goods damaged by water.

"Although I have been a registered reader for many years, it was only after reading my free insurance policy right through that I discovered I was protected by JOHN BULL, who settled my claim with the minimum of delay."

But perhaps you don't enjoy the protection of our scheme.

If not, you can get yours as this reader got hers. Your signature on a coupon is all we want, and that coupon is on page 33 of this issue.

Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

Dodge 'em!

IF all householders were as alert as a Middlesbrough reader, doorstep cheats would have a thin time.

Asked to pay 10s. deposit for an electric razor that "would come along in a day or two," he noticed that the receipt book was one which could be bought anywhere and did not bear the name of the firm the salesman said he represented.

When this was pointed out, with the remark, "I read JOHN BULL, you know," the talkative bluffer disappeared in a flurry of abuse!

Razor-Blade Ramp

Razors remind me of a blade ramp that is increasing throughout the country.

A gift is promised with every two gross bought at 8s. a gross.

Often the gift does not turn up and the blades are found to be rubbish.

Letters of protest to the firms named by the canvassers come back marked "Unknown."

"Soft" is Right!

"Soft Toy Making—Information for Beginners" adorns the literature of a home work offer by H. B. Clare, of High Street, Watford.

"Soft" is the right word. Because those who pay 5s. 9d. for an outfit and instructions in the hope that they will soon be earning extra money are doomed to disappointment. They cannot possibly compete with the big toy manufacturers.

Handsome Is—

Good-looking young men who say they represent the K.K. Company, of Ludgate Street, Manchester, are foisting iodine inner-soles on housewives at 1s. 3d. a pair.

One claim is that they cure rheumatism.

An Edinburgh woman, finding they were worth about 3d., wrote to the firm, but the only satisfaction she received was to have her letter returned marked "Not Known."

Gone with the Wind?

"It's an ill wind that blows no good." is the motto of an enterprising tout who uses these troubled times to sell copies of the New Testament for 7s. each.

That's all right—but he tries to collect 2s. 6d. in advance with promise of delivery in a week's time!

Worst Women in Britain

—Cunning Amazons who ruthlessly lead underworld gangs . . .

J. Gower Cavendish

ONE of Scotland Yard's most perplexing problems is a woman crook living in a large house with several servants in one of London's wealthy suburbs.

She is one of the worst three women criminals in the country—and the busiest.

Her word is law to the thieves—men and women—who work for her. Frequently she maps out the robberies and disposes of nearly all the plunder.

The police know this, but she is so meticulously careful, so astute, that they have not yet been able to secure the evidence to convict her.

Members of her gang have been caught red-handed, but nothing will induce them to utter one syllable that would link up with the all-powerful "Leader," as they call her.

It has been estimated that the organisation includes about fifty active thieves, many of them expert shoplifters.

The "Leader" keeps in touch with them through a labyrinth of meeting-places, some of which are expensive houses like the one in which she herself lives.

Recently detectives called at a restaurant off Regent Street to question the woman proprietor about her suspected association with certain crooks who had just been arrested.

A few days later, they discovered that the "Leader" had for some time used this place to plan robberies and that, only about half an hour before the detectives called, a big haul of stolen goods had been moved to a flat in Baker Street!

* * *

The battle of wits with this amazon of the underworld grows more exciting every day. She'll lose in the end. However cunning they may be, some little slip always lands crooks of this type in jail . . .

Next most dangerous in the female crime trio is a hardened criminal who is positively feared by her associates.

Tall, attractive, with bronze hair, she dresses elegantly. Her real name is believed to be **Beatrix Ross**, but at different times she has assumed the names of **Breta Gregory, Beatrix Evans and Olive Martin.**

Her's is a mixed gang of pickpockets, thieves, confidence tricksters and bullies who have headquarters in a Soho cellar club.

There "Rabbits," as she is nicknamed because of her passion for wearing spectacular furs, planned the "operations."

She is ruthless with those who do not carry out her orders, and the least suspicion of a grumble sends her into an ungovernable rage.

Early in her career of crime, which she began when only a slip of a girl about seventeen years old, she was caught peddling drugs.

* * *

She would not tell where she had lived before she came to London, and it has never been possible to find out anything about her parents. Whenever she is asked she just laughs and says: "Find out."

A few weeks ago she was sent to jail for twenty-one months for stealing money from a man in a taxi-cab.

But that was not the charge on which the police wanted to see her in the dock. It was something quite incidental to her real job, and even so she was trapped merely because an infuriated associate gave her away.

Detectives know she is a gang chief and a big "fence"—disposer of stolen goods—and that is the charge the police wish to bring home to her.

Her dossier is one of the biggest at Scotland Yard, but so far she has always managed to elude detection in her most serious crime.

The third worst woman controls "The Aldgate Fur Gang."

Her organisation is suspected of being responsible for stealing furs in the past year worth more than £15,000.

Here again members of the gang have been caught but always their woman boss contrives to slip through the net.

But she, like all the others, will slip up sooner or later.

The police have infinite patience. . . .

Gower Cavendish: Still Scheming

J. GOWER CAVENDISH (real name Harold Johnson) went to the Appeal Court to try to set aside a County Court judgment for £42 16s. 4d. in favour of a Cheshire woman who alleged she had been defrauded by his betting scheme.

He came away with forthright words from Lord Justice Scott.

Mr. Cavendish, he said, described himself as a banking, finance and investment expert, and induced foolish persons to enter into alleged betting transactions with him on the terms of a set of rules printed in very small type in his circular prospectus.

Those rules had no intelligible meaning. Mr. Cavendish professed to place bets for his clients on certain complicated terms, the effect of which appeared to be "Heads I win; tails you lose."

There was a systematic series of complicated arrangements, and the rights of Mr. Cavendish, on a client's default, to cancel the account and pocket the winnings.

In the County Court the Judge had characterised it as a fraud, and said there had been a trick by Mr. Cavendish to lead the woman in question on to default, the trick being to address an envelope to her in such a way that it was highly likely it would be delayed in the post.

The result was that under the rules the bookmaker was entitled to pocket the winnings.

The County Court Judge added that the pamphlets sent out by Mr. Cavendish reeked with fraud from beginning to end.

It was obvious that this was a case of gross and systematic fraud and a procedure which ought to be stopped.

The Court ordered that the papers be sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions, and Lord Justice Goddard pointed out that nowhere did it appear that Johnson was using "J. Gower Cavendish" as a trade name.

Since literature is still pouring out from his offices in St. Albans Mews, Paddington, London, W., I again warn everyone to shun all his spurious schemes.

Snares for Newly-Weds

TO those about to marry—here's some advice.

Don't choose furniture and arrange to have it stored while you are paying instalments until you are ready to set up house.

Hundreds, and possibly thousands, of engaged couples are being cruelly hoodwinked by this most despicable of ramps.

No doubt there are some firms who carry out their part of the bargain, but there are a great many who don't.

Only a few months ago, I revealed how many people had been left high and dry in this way by the collapse of Kingswood and Marle, who had big premises in Oxford Street, London.

It was found that furniture partly paid for and supposed to be stored could not be traced.

All the victims could do was to file a claim as unsecured creditors. But that was not much use because a debenture holder took all the money there was.

Now I hear of exactly the same thing happening with regard to a firm called Stewart's, of Bull Street, Birmingham.

The company has gone into liquidation after two directors, a Mr. Abrahamson and a Mr. Putman, who held debentures, had appointed a receiver.

My searchlight exposes another lavish Home of Quackery and Folly

Impressive appointments in the Institute's rooms are just part of an empty but costly salesmanship

Shut This Gland Clinic!

HIGH COURT revelations that a widow nearly died after treatment in a "natural health clinic" have again focused attention on the menace of quack parlours of this sort.

In all kinds of guises, they abound throughout the country—with London, of course, as the mecca.

The woman just saved from death was persuaded that she could be rejuvenated by a bogus doctor named Gustafson.

A fee of 200 guineas was paid, and she entered a clinic run by this charlatan and a Madame Arline.

Her face was covered with a substance that burned violently, and she was given tablets that made her ill. Then, after an Epsom salts bath, she developed a rash and, when bandages were removed, skin was torn from her forehead and neck.

For what it is worth, as the judge said, she was awarded £782 against Madame Arline. Gustafson had left the country.

Readers know how strenuously I have for years campaigned against this barefaced trickery.

Of course, the people who go to these places are themselves chiefly to blame.

Always imagining that there is someone round the corner cleverer than their own doctor, they rush eagerly to try any new-fangled idea and pay outrageous fees.

Still the fact that some people are so silly is no reason why medico-harpies should be allowed to batten on their credulity.

Clean-cut legislation to deal with the scandal is long overdue.

Until Parliament wakens up to the situation, I intend to keep on unmasking every one of these fee-snatching institutions I come across.

There is one much-boosted concern in London which, I contend, quite bluntly, should be shut up at once.

It is the imposing looking Institute of Endocrinology in Baker Street, W.

The man who runs it is a suave Dutchman named Jacq J. Harpman, who, among other things, describes himself as a Bacteriologist-Pathologist and Director of the Busico-Harpman Sanatorium and Polycline, of Buenos Aires.

* * *

Typical is the experience of a Brigadier-General.

Impressed by the advertised claims of the Institute he went there to see if catarrh, from which he had suffered for some years, could be dealt with.

He was assured his ailment could be cured, and he underwent treatment for which he was charged twenty-five guineas.

Not the slightest benefit resulted, he says.

Regarding the transaction as buying experience he thought no more about it, except that he wrote telling the Institute not to go on sending him circulars. They were, he declared, annoying to one who had tried their treatment to no useful purpose.

Then, a few months later, he was astonished to find that his brother had received a circular from the Institute in which his name was given as a person of standing who was grateful for complete relief received!

Harpman, when written to by the General's solicitor, tendered an abject apology.

A nurse, thoroughly run down, was told by Harpman that twenty serum injections at a cost of £20 would put her right.

That was supposed to be a specially reduced price.

She paid £10 on account, but when she wrote to say that the treatment was doing her no good—in fact she felt worse—all she received was a letter demanding the balance of £10!

So it goes on in this home of quackery.

There are lavish appointments in the various rooms. Everything looks very efficient, but that is all part of the showmanship.

Behind it is the stark fact, supported by considerable evidence in my records, that this Dutchman's claims for his institute are preposterous.

His impressive literature announces that treatment can be given for more than 60 maladies, many of them as serious as they possibly could be.

The snare is that the gland treatment in which Harpman professes to specialise is a serious and important science, which should be practised only by properly qualified doctors.

When it is used merely as a stepping-stone in a huge bamboozle for money, it can become a most serious menace.

Some idea of the worth of Harpman's offers may be gathered from the statement in his brochure that "patients wishing to undergo treatment who prefer to avoid travelling to and fro are informed that only one visit to our Institute is necessary for diagnosis."

Could anything in the treatment of a serious ailment be more ridiculous?

One visit!—no doubt to make sure of the fee as much as anything else.

When last I dealt with the Institute, a Grantham man, who had suffered from dyspepsia, was told by Harpman that he really had pancreas trouble and it would cost 30 guineas to cure him

He paid £15 15s. there and then on account, but when he found that the injections did him no good he refused to pay any more.

Eventually a county court summons was issued against him, and he put in a defence that he had been induced to have the treatment by fraudulent misrepresentation.

In the end, after a great deal of bluff, the Institute paid him back the £15 15s., withdrew their claim for the balance, and paid all costs!

The charge of fraudulent misrepresentation still remains on the file of the Bloomsbury County Court—unanswered.

Harpman, when he read my article, wrote to explain that he had not fought the case because his legal advisers told him that, though he would no doubt win, he would lose dignity.

Also, he volunteered the statement that the Institute was to be closed.

That apparently was as reliable as his vaunted diagnoses.

Anyway, the decision should not be left to him, and when the doors of the precious Institute are closed he should also be told to go back to his own country.

Public Benefactor

Mr. Robert E. Smith, of 78, Somerset Road, Edmonton, London, N.18, secures this week's £1 1s. for information which has set on foot an interesting investigation.

Tell me of any matter you think needs enquiry.

Mark envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Keep this Prime Humbug on the Rocks!

JUDGING by his literature, George Mason, Prime Humbug, of Winchester Street, South Shields, could pretty well run the world.

He seems to hold the secret to everything—except the knack of finding anyone foolish enough to pay £250 for a half-share of his business.

For some time he has been advertising his offer, but it was still open when one of my representatives looked in on him the other day.

As a potential investor, my agent was offered £10 a week and a share of profits—just for that little sum of £250.

Mr. Mason, sixtyish and bubbling with sales talk, was desperately anxious to close the deal there and then.

"References?" he said contemptuously. He had no time for such nonsense!

Couldn't my representative see for himself what the business was?

He could—a little more thoroughly, perhaps, than even Mr. Mason imagined.

To begin with this Jack-of-Everything claims to be a medical consultant, a psycho-analyst, medical electric specialist, consulting psycho-therapeutist, and crystal reader.

Second verse: professional medium, founder of "Masonism," discoverer of a powder to stop you growing old, inventor of a death-ray antidote, an anti-gas bomb and goodness knows what else.

* * *

Just as a little variation his wife runs a hairdressing saloon in a back-room of the little house from which all these wonders are proffered to the world.

The whole outfit would be comic if it did not include airy claims for the cure of consumption and cancer.

It is this that turns arrogant quacks like Mason into dangers that should be dealt with by a drastic law.

Then he also sells disgusting books that are a jumble of sex matters and "advanced" politics.

Trying to frighten people with garbled horrors of premature burial, he coolly suggests that every person dying should be scientifically examined by someone of psychic ability.

Naturally he adds: "Mr. Mason can be called upon for such examination at a very nominal charge"!

Finally he makes an appeal for funds "urgently needed for the propagation of Truth."

A farthing would be too much to spend on Mr. Mason's kind of propaganda.

New Name— Old Tricks

WHEN Louis Lazarovitch, a Russian Pole, came to this country during the War he was a refugee.

He started business in Tooting as a credit costumier and soon thrived.

To-day he is Mr. Bernard Lewis, and no doubt he regards himself as a very estimable British citizen.

It is time he realised that this opinion is not shared by people who know how he runs his two present-day advertising concerns, Bernard Lewis, Ltd., and Malcolm Page, Ltd., both of 106, High Street, Tooting, S.W.

Of course, his wife is shown as the chief director of both companies, but Bernard Lewis (née Lazarovitch) is really the Boss.

His minions know all the tricks of talking unwary tradesmen and boarding-house keepers into signing on the dotted line.

When these deluded people realise what a travesty the whole thing is, Boss Bernard turns the screw with court action threats.

He admitted to the Judge at Wandsworth County Court that he had sued 619 persons in one year, and that there had been many allegations of fraud and misrepresentation.

One of his schemes that produces continual dissatisfaction is supposed to ensure that tradesmen who advertise with him will be furnished by estate agents with the names and addresses of newcomers in various districts.

Nowadays he mostly favours the use of his Malcolm Page title. Bernard Lewis, Ltd., was becoming rather too well known.

My tip is to have nothing to do with either of his companies.

Don't Play the Dictators' Game. Buy now, keep confident, and we'll win the War of Nerves

"Dr. Goebbels' campaign of bluff and bluster can succeed only if we join the ranks of the jitterbugs"

The Price of JITTERS

WE are in the midst of war—a white, bloodless war.

If we keep cool, if we go resolutely about our daily business, we shall continue to win.

We shall also banish the peril of a red, open war.

For no country is anxious to challenge a strong and confident Britain. Be sure of that.

But there are enemies in our midst.

They are not intriguers in high places or avowed supporters of international thuggery. They are ordinary citizens who, quite unconsciously, are playing the Dictators' game as effectively as any spy.

It is they who swell the recurrent waves of war-jitters that, though a general European war is highly unlikely, are causing many people to be "ruined in advance."

Almost every class of business is affected—from the great corporation needing more money for big work schemes to the seaside landlady who needs summer lodgers to pay her winter expenses.

Stockbrokers sit around playing cards for weeks on end. There is nothing else for them to do.

With daily monotony, the City news reports that "the stock markets were thoroughly despondent yesterday" and that "business was again at an exceptionally low level."

Of course, the Stock Exchange is notoriously jumpy, even in normal times. A mere rumour of a Mexican revolution is enough to make it behave like a frightened kitten.

But now its gloom reflects the unthinking depression of a considerable section of the public.

People are afraid to invest money. Many big issues have failed in recent weeks. Underwriters have been left with huge stocks on their hands; the banks are still glutted with idle millions.

CONSEQUENTLY, firms won't be able to go ahead with the developments they planned, and a lot of John Browns and Bob Smiths won't find the jobs they hoped to get.

And Mrs. Robinson decides to boycott the summer sales because her husband, who knows somebody who knows somebody in Whitehall, is sure that trouble is coming in September.

Thus the frightened Robinsons and their kind, by harming retail trade, are helping the nervous investors to slow down the rising tide of employment.

For though retail trade returns have steadily mounted each month this year they have not increased so steeply as the country's prosperity led experts to predict.

Some businesses, indeed, have actually closed owing to their customers' reluctance to spend.

As for the great stores, never before have they offered such astonishing bargains to attract custom.

One buyer informs JOHN BULL, "I have just marked down dozens of summer-sale prices by a further two or three guineas.

"That's fine for the customers who aren't scared to open their purse, but in some cases it means a heavy loss for the firm. But what else can we do?"

All luxury trades are stagnant. The manager of a Piccadilly shop says that takings are not sufficient to pay the wages of his staff, and that people who can afford to spend a guinea on a bag are nowadays scouring the shelves for a soiled one priced at 3s. 6d.

In every branch of the nation's commerce, in fact, this stupid and perilous cancer of fear is eating its way—to the undisguised glee of the German and Italian Press.

It is estimated that the Crisis of last September cost Britain at least £30,000,000. The artificial crisis now being fomented by the War of Nerves may amount to far more.

And is this folly more dangerous than when it is allowed to affect health, both directly and indirectly?

It is persuading timorous folk to delay their holidays and thereby starve themselves of sunshine and relaxation.

Seaside towns are badly hit. Even for the peak month of August advance bookings are negligible.

Big hotels have been driven to write to enquirers assuring them they may book up without fear that they will be held to the arrangement should an emergency occur on the dates they specify.

Small boarding-houses, even in such popular resorts as Bournemouth and Yarmouth, do not know whether they will have any visitors at all during August and September.

The direct effect on health by war jitters can be seen in the newspaper accounts of people who, worrying themselves into mental breakdowns, have taken their lives.

HARLEY STREET presents further evidence. Specialists are finding that patients think "it isn't worth while" getting well!

Quite typical is the experience of a distinguished physician, who told a man that only a course of heat treatment could save him from being crippled within a few months.

"H'm," said the patient, "I don't feel like spending money as things are just now. I think I'll wait to see what happens in the autumn."

A leading firm of opticians reckons on losing three months' business this year—because people are delaying orders for new spectacles.

Life assurance offices complain that men who would normally be taking out policies hesitate to commit themselves.

There is a slump in the buying and selling of houses. Even the sale of household goods is suffering.

If all this seems dismal, at least the remedy lies ready to hand.

And it does not rest on the shoulders of a few statesmen who are striving to maintain peace and seeking a new, fairer settlement of the world's problems.

It rests with certain of our own ordinary folk who, unlike the majority, are allowing themselves to be intimidated by a campaign of bluff and bluster.

IN blunt language, by playing the jitterbug's game, they are stabbing the rest of us in the back.

This country's defences are strong enough for us all to face the future coolly and unafraid.

But those defences can be broached if our morale is weakened by the artificial scares which—as it amuses Dr. Goebbels to declare—are laying us low with "galloping nervous consumption."

We must give the lie to the loose-tongued doctor. We must win the War of Nerves by remaining unperturbed.

Everyone can help best by going about his daily business and facing the future with confidence.

We have the money. Though we are spending more than £600,000,000 this year on civil and military defences, our national wealth is greater than ever before.

We shall be still richer if the glutted millions in the banks are released and the craze for senseless stinting is ended.

We have the men. Vast armies of defenders, craftsmen without equals, a great number of unemployed who could be put to work by wise spending.

We have the money. We have the men. Let us have the will!

A Forgotten Treasure

The Human Machine

LET us, for once, learn a little wisdom from a forgotten store. A long time ago, Dr. Franklin, a famous American, published an almanack, which, in its day, attained world-wide fame.

You've probably never heard of it—you certainly couldn't find a copy to-day. Yet it contained hundreds of pieces of potted wisdom which well deserve to see the light again.

Here are some of them:

"Would you live with ease, do what you ought, and not what you please."

"No man e'er was glorious who was not laborious."

"All things are easy to industry, all things difficult to sloth."

"Look before, or you'll find yourself behind."

"A man is never so ridiculous by those qualities that are his own, as by those that he affects to have."

"If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone."

"Diligence is the mother of good luck."

"Who has deceived thee so often as thyself?"

"None but the well-bred man knows how to confess a fault, or acknowledge himself in an error."

"If you do what you should not, you must bear what you would not."

"Consult wisely, and resolve firmly."

"To believe a thing impossible is the way to make it so."

"Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour."

And, from hundreds of others, let's end with a verse:

"To-morrow you'll reform, you always cry:
In what far country does this morrow lie
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear!
To-morrow I'll reform, the fool doth say;
To-day itself's too late: the wise did yesterday."

Open Letters

- **Find the Real Tax Dodgers!**
- **Leeches in the Water Taps**
- **Tall Tales from Germany**
- **Bad Warning to Bad Boys**

SPECIAL TAX COMMISSIONERS

GENTLEMEN,—Mercifully, your decision that tax must be paid on sickness benefit is not so disastrously unreasonable as it appeared at first sight.

But there are other important loopholes in the income tax system.

Will you now turn your attention to them and give your expert advice to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who—great lawyer though he is—seems utterly incapable of checking wholesale evasion by the wealthy?

I can remember cases where rich men have been allowed to pile up tax arrears of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

That is disgraceful enough, considering that if a little man cannot pay promptly he receives enough correspondence to start a paper factory, and is likely to be haled before the magistrates.

Yet you must know, as I know, that rich profits can be made which are not liable to tax.

The Chancellor has made a few pitiable efforts to close these gaps. Maybe he has netted a few extra millions a year; but scores of millions are still slipping through his fingers.

Rather than taxing sickness benefits, I suggest you should devise methods to catch the wholesale dodgers.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. R. STOKES, M.P.,

Parliamentary Land Values Group

DEAR MR. STOKES,—You should be angered by the purchase of 76 acres of land by Greenock Corporation at a price of £8,000. The rateable value of the property was only £25!

No doubt you share my bewilderment that landlords should possess a Divine Right to wax fat at the expense of the nation.

This latest example adds to my conviction that their traditional and monstrous monopoly should be consigned to blazes.—JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCILLORS,

Carmarthen

GENTLEMEN,—How weird are the marvels of Nature! How awe-inspiring the tortoise-like torpor of town councillors!

Tadpoles, leeches and a lizard have been found in the drinking water that comes through house-taps in Carmarthen; your medical officer reports that some of the reservoirs are unfit for use.

Despite this, they are still in use, and you refuse to build a new reservoir this year.

To encourage nature study among your citizens, I presume? But I fancy they will find you equally interesting objects to contemplate.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. REGISTRAR VAUGHAN-RODERICK,

Willesden County Court

DEAR SIR,—Surely you were not surprised to hear a German radio announcer say that rats were leaving English factories and going to live in "the new wooden houses."

I have heard so many tall stories from German stations that I expect to learn soon that St. Paul's Cathedral is made of straw, and that we are all fleeing from Britain because it is floating rapidly towards the Fatherland.

The German people, indeed, must be wondering whether so utterly effete a land as ours is worth the waste of so much breath as Dr. Goebbels' henchmen manage to expel.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. F. McCOY, K.C.,

Belfast Magistrate

SIR,—You take me back to the bad old days, and I don't thank you for that.

Ordering two bad little boys—one aged eight and the other nine—to be birched, you proceeded to warn them:—

"If you are not checked in your career, and if you don't hang, you will at least be a burden to the

Sir M. Grant-Sturgis, chief of the Income Tax Commissioners

State, for you will be in jail for the most of your lives. Your stubborn spirit must be broken."

Do you really believe that such brutal terms should be addressed to infants? Do you really think you will make decent, self-respecting citizens of children whose spirit has been broken by degrading punishment?—JOHN BULL.

Major DUGDALE, M.P.,

Government Whip

DEAR MAJOR,—I don't think you will smile for long. Undoubtedly you saved the Government from defeat by rushing out for five obedient M.P.s when a minimum wage of £2 a week for farm workers was proposed.

But public feeling is mounting. People of all Parties are indignant that, when subsidies are being ladled out, the workers are still kept on short commons.

Soon, I trust, even your vigorous use of the whip will not persuade uneasy M.P.s to save the faces of our supine Ministers.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. EUAN WALLACE, M.P.,

Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—A first-rate Minister of Transport would insist that lorry drivers should belong to a trade union. I hope you will take the broad hint.

I have just read a Manchester advertisement for a driver, used to all makes, aged between 18 and 24, wages 20s.

It should not be possible to obtain a careful driver for so abominable a pittance—and probably it isn't.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. F. E. KEY,

National Union of Women Teachers

DEAR MADAM,—Unlike the smug and egregious gentry who adorn many local authorities, I have never understood why a woman who is competent to teach children before she marries should be considered incompetent after marriage.

But I can more easily grasp your point that a woman who is unhappy because she is not allowed to marry is not a fit person to teach. Of course, in times of exceptional unemployment married women should not keep breadwinners out of jobs; but any restriction on marriage must ultimately be to the State's disadvantage as well as the citizen's discontent.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. A. RAMSAY, M.P.,

House of Commons

DEAR SIR,—I am anxious to believe that you are the victim of misreporting. For, addressing a London pro-Nazi organisation, you are supposed to have ended a fierce diatribe against the alleged "Jewish control of the Press" with the following words:

"We must change the present state of things, and if we don't do it constitutionally we'll do it with steel."

Wild applause greeted you—and the listeners rose to give you the Fascist salute.

If this published report is wrong, contradict it quickly. If it's true, please visit Peebles and explain it to your constituents.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GRAHAM WHITE, M.P.,

East Birkenhead

DEAR SIR,—I am amazed at the Prime Minister's effrontery in answering your demand for better old age pensions.

To argue that only 10 per cent. of pensioners have to apply for poor law relief is a feeble attempt to minimise the fact that more than 200,000 old people are subjected to indignities in order to keep alive.

There are many others whose pride compels them to starve on their 10s. pittance. Apparently, only the poorest of the community are not to share in our new prosperity!—JOHN BULL.

The MEDICAL OFFICER,

Croydon

DEAR DOCTOR,—Didn't they teach you psychology at your medical school?

For it's rank bad reasoning to appeal for 800 A.R.P. first-aid volunteers and then discourage applicants by telling them that training will not be started until September.

By that time their enthusiasm will have evaporated—my postbag shows that some are already resentful.

I fear, doctor, that you have been influenced by some of the slow-footed A.R.P. chiefs I have previously criticised.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,

Leader, L.C.C.

DEAR SIR,—Please try to remedy this injustice.

Ex-Service temporary clerks now get a starting wage of 60s.—a 5s. improvement dating from this January. But I see that girl typists get the same minimum at the age of twenty-one.

Equal pay for equal work, by all means. But I know that many of these "temporaries" are more efficient than some of the permanent officials—and yet are thrown back on the "dole" after two years' work!

Do they not, therefore, deserve more generous conditions?—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR,

Woolwich

YOUR WORSHIP,—I demand a public enquiry into the conduct of your council.

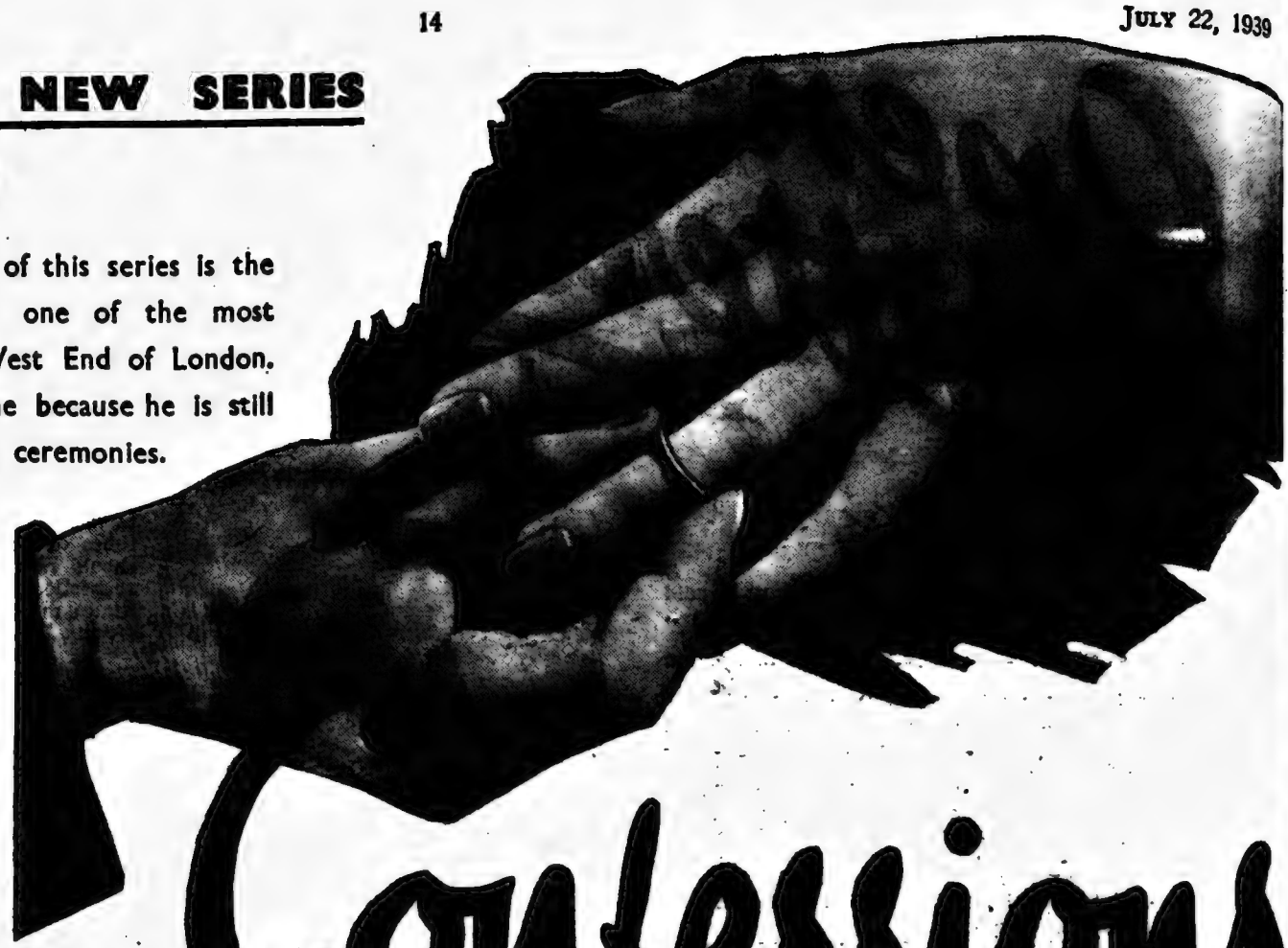
Thrifty workers have spent their savings in buying houses which they must now leave owing to subsidences. A year ago, when I first stressed the danger, a man was killed in one such collapse.

Unlike the victimised householders, your council knew that the land was honeycombed with chalk workings—that was known seventy years ago—and yet you allowed the houses to be built!

If you are satisfied that your council is free from blame, you will be the first to welcome an official tribunal.—JOHN BULL.

FASCINATING NEW SERIES BEGINS TO-DAY

Editor's Note: The narrator of this series is the Superintendent Registrar for one of the most important districts in the West End of London. We are withholding his name because he is still performing marriage ceremonies.



Confessions of a

THE bride put down her pen, looked me in the eye and smiled radiantly.

"Thank you!" she said simply. "You've made me very, very happy."

When the party had gone I thought of the incident and sighed. So many thousands of brides have said that sort of thing to me. So many hundreds of them have changed their minds about it later. . . .

Once, when I was a much younger man, I used to think I had missed my vocation in life. I should have been an engineer, I thought.

But now, after twenty years of it, during which I have performed, or witnessed, over 50,000 weddings, I am not so sure.

Perhaps twenty years of close contact with happiness and heartbreak; with smiling brides and sobbing ones; with drama and comedy, have helped me to become a better man than I would have been.

Certainly, helping to build 50,000 human lives has given me more of an understanding of the real things of life than building fifty million soul-less engines could ever have done.

I recalled the incident again, six months later.

Barbara, the girl I had married on that bright June day and who had been so radiantly happy, was suing her husband for separation and maintenance.

SIX months of cruelty, drunkenness and poverty had broken her spirit. Just six months! And, she had said "Thank you!" so fervently!

Sometimes it's like that!

When I marry them they seem so happy that I think "Here, at least, is a marriage that can't go wrong!" Then, a short time later, the police court news—or the divorce columns—tell me the rest of the story.

Fortunately, though, only a percentage of the marriages turn out failures. The vast majority are really successful matches.

Sometimes I meet one or other of the parties. And then I hear just how well everything is going.

Sometimes I see them when they come in to register the birth of their babies.

Sometimes one of them will stop me in the street to tell me of the latest successes of these same children.

It is not unusual for the brides and grooms to keep in touch with the registrars, you know. Though I must confess it's usually the brides.

More than once a newly-married bride has come to me for advice on how to straighten out some family squabble.

Sometimes a woman has come to see me on her wedding anniversary, five or ten years later, just to say "Thank you" all over again.

I even know of one woman who makes a point of writing to the Registrar every year when September 5 comes around. She's been doing it for 26 years. And she'll probably go on doing it until she dies.

IT is when little things like that happen that I know an engineering career could never have meant so much to me.

Long years of experience as Superintendent Registrar have taught me that one can never tell just how a marriage is going to turn out. Some that look certain successes dissolve into the most miserable failures. And some of the most ill-assorted matches become the happiest of them all.

Probably the most happily married woman I know is one who decided her fate by the spin of a coin.

She had been engaged to her fiancé for four years, and was within a month of her marriage to him when she met a whirlwind lover. He proposed within a week.

Not knowing quite what to do about it, she borrowed a penny from him and flicked it into the air with the remark: "If it comes down heads I'll marry you!"

It came heads! She married him as soon as possible. And, I believe, she's never had an unhappy day since.

Another thing I've learned is that many people are very ignorant, not only of just how to go about getting married, but also of the many little tricks and turns of the law.

Most people are aware that they cannot be married after 6 p.m. But how many brides—who seem to think it the correct thing to come late—are aware that, unless the Declaration of Marriage is completed before the clock strikes six, the ceremony must be stopped and adjourned to another day?

THAT rigid law has been the cause of a number of awkward incidents.

Some time ago I was scheduled to marry a couple at 5.30. On the way to my office their car broke down and they did not arrive until one minute to six, which was much too late.

Unfortunately, they never married. The groom, an Army man, had to leave for the Indian Frontier early next morning.

He was killed in a border engagement within a fortnight of his arrival!

Two or three years ago, when the time limit was 3 p.m., it was a much harder job for me to fit all the marriages in. And couples who lost their race against the clock were quite common.

In fact, hardly a week went past without at least one couple arriving breathless—but late.

On two occasions I have had brides faint from excitement shortly before three. We managed to pull the first one round in time to beat the clock. But the second recovered only to find that she had to go through all the strain of it again next day.

I remember one particularly trying incident which happened when I was marrying a groom who had a very bad stammer.

He was naturally a very nervous man. And the excitement of his wedding made him a thousand times worse than usual. The result was that he just could not get out the words: "I, Thomas, take thee . . .," etc.

There were only a few minutes to go. And he braced up to the job manfully with one eye on the clock.

But all he could manage was: "I T-T-T-T-T-T——" He couldn't have said the rest if his life had depended on it.

He tried again and again, getting redder and redder in the face all the while.

But it was no good.

I tried to help him by obscuring his view of the clock and by repeating the words slowly in syllables.

It was useless, though.

Finally, one of the witnesses started to titter.

Then one of the guests followed suit.

After that the bride herself started to giggle. That broke the party up completely. Before I knew where I was everyone was chortling at the groom's discomfiture.

That poor fellow solved the problem in his own inimitable way.

He turned and bolted out of the door as hard as he could go!

If I had only known of how the Rev. G. R. Balleine, Vicar of St. James's, in Jamaica Road, S.E., had solved a similar problem, I might have been able to get over the difficulty.

The Rev. Balleine was trying to help a bridegroom get out the words: "I, Godfrey, take thee, Mary . . ." but found he was unable to get past: "I, G-G-G-G-G-G——"

FINALLY, when it seemed that the ceremony could not possibly be completed in time, the Vicar recollected that stammerers can sing without any great difficulty. So he made the bride and bridegroom sing their vows!

It was a trifle unusual, perhaps. But it worked!

Amongst other things, the Registrar has to develop a sort of super-Sherlock Holmes faculty for smelling out lies and falsehoods, because the number of men and women who try to hide some important bit of information is surprisingly high.

In my office, where we conduct two to three thousand marriages every year, I have an average of five to six people a week who try to mislead me.

Perhaps it is a young widow who is afraid her fiancé will back out if he gets to know she has been married before.

Perhaps it is a young couple who are in trouble and who have come from another part of London in the effort to keep things quiet.

Perhaps it is a mature woman who has misled her "man friend" about her real age.

REGISTRARS are required by law to ask a number of questions, such as "Have you been married before?" Are you a British subject?" "How long have you been residing in this district?" "What is your age?" etc.

If the Registrar has the slightest doubt about the correctness of the replies to any of these questions he is empowered to withhold his permission until the contracting parties have produced any supporting documents which he may demand to see.

People giving Notice of Intention to Marry are required to certify the truth of the replies to every question by signing the statutory Form of Declaration.

And any person who knowingly makes a wrong statement to the Registrar and who signs the Declaration, is guilty of perjury and can be prosecuted and imprisoned for it.

In spite of this, however, a large number of people "try it on."

The commonest offender is the woman who is trying to hide her real age from her groom.

I had a case like that only a day or two ago.

I was filling up the form for a buxom woman applicant.

"How old are you?" I asked in the routine manner.

"Twenty-seven," she replied quickly.

Years of practice have made me pretty expert in estimating ages to within a year or so. I looked at her very closely.

Romance . . . Tragedy . . . Laughter . . . Crime . . . Thrills . . . all these lie behind the lists of Forthcoming Marriages outside a Register Office

MARRIAGE REGISTRAR

"How old did you say you were?" I asked incredulously.

"Twenty-seven," she repeated with a catch in her voice.

"Of course, you've got a copy of your birth certificate with you?" I demanded.

At that, she went into a tearing fury. "Why should I have to produce my birth certificate?" she stormed. "It's not necessary! You can see for yourself that I'm well over twenty-one."

I could see it quite easily. In fact, she looked a good twenty years over it, to my way of thinking.

"I'm sorry, Madam," I insisted. "I want to see a copy of your birth certificate. I must have it. If there's no birth certificate there's no licence!"

When she saw I was adamant, she stopped suddenly, and thought things over for a bit. Then she broke down and confessed.

"I'm not twenty-seven. I'm forty-two!" she sobbed. "But Mr. J. thinks I am. I don't know what he'll say when he finds out!"

One outstanding thing is the fact that when one of the contracting parties is trying to hide some important detail he, or she, is particularly careful not to bring the other party when first giving Notice of Intention to Marry.

BUT, with five or six "trying it on" every week, my deputy and I have become so expert at detecting the tricks that it is only very, very rarely we get taken in.

However, it does happen.

About three months ago one of my confrères came to me with a startling piece of information.

It concerned a couple he had joined in matrimony some four years before. The groom, who was twenty-five at the time, was a business man with a very good income, while the bride, whose age was given as eighteen, had just taken her first job.

Since the girl's birth certificate purported to show that she really was eighteen, and since her parents had attended, personally, at his office to give their permission and to be present at the ceremony, and since everything else was in order, he had married them in all good faith.

NOW, four years later, the girl's only bridesmaid had come back—in a fit of spite—to tell him that the whole thing had been a fake.

The bride had only just turned fifteen at the time, the birth certificate had been tampered with, and the man and woman who represented themselves as her parents were, in reality, no relation whatever.

The bride's real parents had not even heard about the marriage until some thirteen months later—just before a baby was born.

When my friend questioned his informant he learned that the bride's parents had forgiven the young couple—even going so far as to invite them both to come to live with them.

He learned further, that the groom was in an excellent position with brilliant prospects; that he and his wife were extremely happy; that he had made her a very generous allowance, and that he had taken out some heavy endowment assurance policies to ensure the education of their first child and also that of a second, which they expected in the near future.

My friend wanted to know what I thought he ought to do in the circumstances.

"Do?" I repeated when he asked me. "There's only one thing you can do. And, that's to shut up and say nothing!"

"But it involves a criminal charge," he ventured. "After all, it is a criminal matter to marry a girl under sixteen."

"Maybe it is," I agreed. "But, in my opinion, it's still more criminal to muck up what looks like a happy marriage. Suppose you do lay a complaint. What happens?

"The husband goes to jail for a term, the marriage is declared void, and the wife's left with two illegitimate children on her hands! You ruin their happiness; you smash his career; and you put a millstone around the children's necks.

"Instead of their having the advantages of a sound education and the start in life which money can give them, you plaster them as illegitimate, and you push them into poverty.

"After all, you've only got this bridesmaid's word for it. It's her word against theirs. You've got no other proof.

"My advice is not to look for any proof. Don't make any enquiries at all. Just shut up and say nothing."

He smiled a little bit sheepishly:

"I'm glad you said that!" he remarked. "Because that's what I've been thinking of doing.

"As a matter of fact, I haven't tried to get in touch with the girl's parents, and I haven't even bothered to get a true copy of her birth certificate.

"I thought that, if I haven't got any proof of anything, nobody can blame me for not doing anything!"

My friend's problem reminds me of a young couple who led me up the garden very neatly in 1934.

The girl gave her age as twenty-four. And, since she looked it, I did not bother to ask for proof.

Eighteen months later, she was back to see me, and demanded that I "cross the marriage off the book!"—whatever that means:

"You see, I was only nineteen at the time," she said triumphantly, slamming down a copy of her birth certificate. "So the marriage doesn't count! It isn't legal! It's not binding!"

She was a very crestfallen little lady when I finally succeeded in convincing her that marriage is the one contract which is binding on minors—even without their parents' consent.

That is, of course, providing the bride is sixteen or over, and that the parties are not prohibited from marrying by the laws of consanguinity.

Minors must always obtain parental consent, in writing and on a properly witnessed Consent Form. I have had more than one Form sent back to me which has been skilfully forged by a young girl, or a young man, whose parents will not agree to the match.

When giving Notice of Intention to Marry, many of the parties unburden themselves to the Registrar even more completely than they would to a Father Confessor.

Young Roger R., a stripling of twenty-three, told me quite calmly that he just *had* to get married quickly and quietly—his fiancee was "in trouble."

She was, also, a minor.

So he offered me £10 to dispose with what he called "the unnecessary formalities."

Naturally, I refused. And, equally naturally, the girl could not keep the secret from her parents for long.

When they found out, they were extremely annoyed. And, I thought, darned foolish.

Because they refused to allow the marriage to take place under any circumstances

When Roger came back to me for some advice, I told him to take the matter into court. A wise magistrate soon granted the permission.

For a young man to tell a perfect stranger intimate details of that nature seems bad enough. But, I have heard even stranger things.

I have been told all there is to know about the finances of the parties concerned; about their family history and the doings of their prospective in-laws; about prior love affairs, and so on.

I have even been asked to advise parties on how to keep the love of their partner for the rest of their lives!

Also, the giving of Notice often brings out cases which, if they were not really pathetic, could be considered humorous.

I HAVE had girls come into my office and tell me they want to give Notice of Intention to Marry someone whose name they don't even know!

"I want to marry Jack," one of them said to me.

"Jack who?" I asked.

"I don't know his other name," came the embarrassed and rather startling reply. "I only met him about a month ago. He's never told me his real name. That's the only one I know him by. But, he's a nice boy and I want to marry him!"

"I'm afraid that won't do," I said as kindly as possible, trying to hide the smile that I felt must be spreading all over my face. "I must know his full name together with details of his age, his address and length of residence. I also want to know if he's been married before."

"I don't know where he's living, or how old he is,' she confessed. "You see, I only met him casually in the street. But, I know he hasn't been married before."

"How do you know that?"

"Because he told me so! And he says I'm the only woman he's ever loved in the whole of his life. He wouldn't have said that if he'd been married before, would he?'

An even odder case was that of a twenty-eight-year-old mechanic, called Reggie.

Reggie came in one day and gave Notice of his Intention to Marry a certain girl.

The very next day, he came in again—this time to lodge Notice of Intention to Marry an entirely different girl.

There was nothing under law to stop his doing so. And I could not refuse to take the details.

So I had the two Notices posted on the board right alongside each other.

Reggie told me his reason was because he couldn't quite decide which girl he wanted to marry.

HE loved them both, he said. But he thought he'd be able to make up his mind before the 21 days were up.

However, his decision was made up for him—painfully!

Beryl, the girl he had named in his first application, wanted the thrill of seeing her name on the Notice Board.

When she discovered that Reggie was named in two different Notices, she came inside to make enquiries.

And the fat *was* in the fire—with a vengeance.

Beryl waited for her would-be husband with a stout walking-stick and soon convinced him that he'd better marry the other girl, after all!

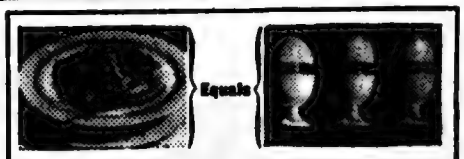
MORE CONFESSIONS OF A MARRIAGE REGISTRAR NEXT WEEK

They start the day every day with

the 30-Second Breakfast

SMILES IN THE MORNING. Of course they're smiling — it's Kellogg's for breakfast and everybody loves them. "My family wouldn't be satisfied with any other breakfast," says Mrs. Hall of Preston, Lancs, seen here serving her husband. "They like the crisp freshness and flavour of Kellogg's. I like Kellogg's too — they need no cooking so I save time and there's no messy saucepan to wash-up. As for my husband, he says Kellogg's are the grandest energy-giving breakfast he knows."

IN CONTROL. It's a responsible job, operating a crane, and here is Mr. Williams of Ely, South Wales, in control. "One can't afford a single slip on a job like this," says Mr. Williams. "I keep alert by keeping fit and I start the day with a good breakfast — Kellogg's. They're packed with energy, yet they're light and easy to digest. What's more, Kellogg's taste grand — they're so crisp."



SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the "30-Second Breakfast"

An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowl of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. (Average bowl of Kellogg's 220-230 calories. 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That is why workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

HARD AT IT. "This work takes it out of you," says Miss Una Rudd of New Maldon, whom you see here hard at work spraying novelties. "But I find the 30-second breakfast keeps me going. It has all the energy value of 3 eggs! These big flakes are delicious too — they're so crisp. And I'm thankful for the time they save me in the morning because they need no cooking."

It's so crisp, so delicious — it has so much energy value — and it saves time and trouble because it needs no cooking

THERE'S nothing like the 30-second breakfast to give you a good start for the day. Nothing to beat it for sheer delicious flavour!

You'll like Kellogg's because they're so crisp. And those big flakes are so fresh and golden-brown — they taste just as if they'd come straight from the oven. What's more, there's a special inner "Waxtite" wrapper to protect that crispness.

You'll find, too, that Kellogg's save endless time and trouble. You serve them straight from packet to plate. There's no cooking, no horrid saucepan to wash-up. And think of the saving on your gas bills!

Give yourself and your family a treat tomorrow morning. Serve Kellogg's. No fuss or bother for you — and the most delicious breakfast for them! Ask your grocer for Kellogg's — now only 5d. a packet.

Start the day with the 30-Second Breakfast

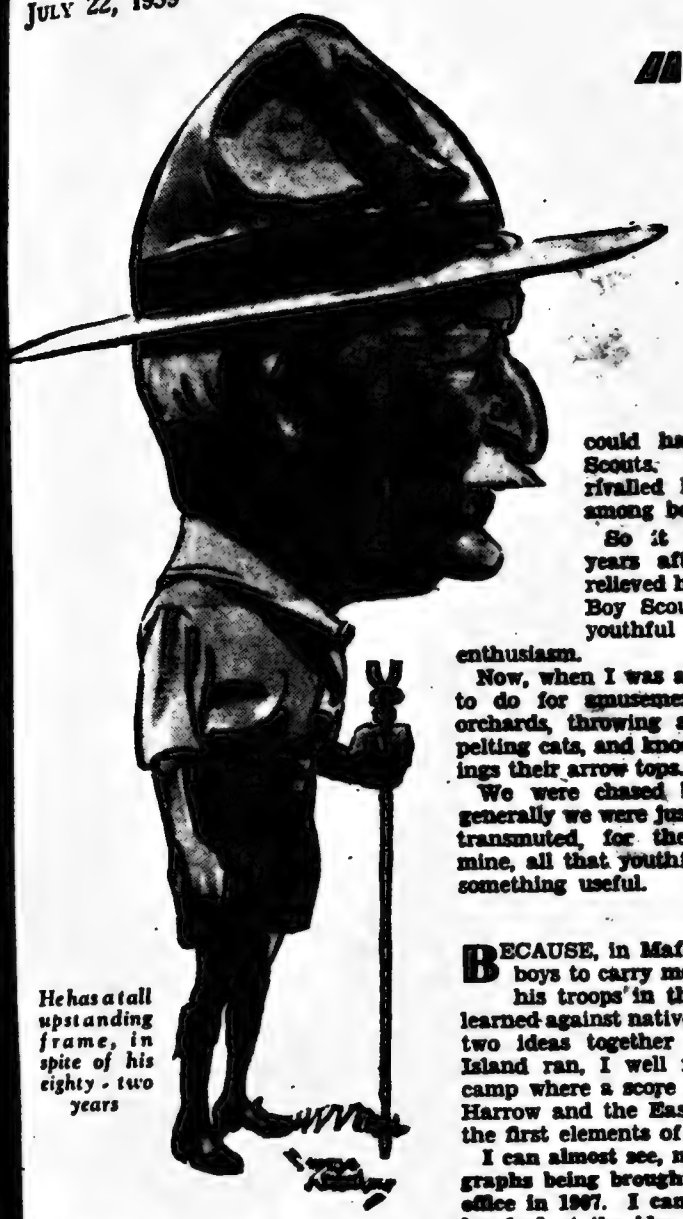
Be sure!

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"

YOU GET THE VERY BEST

When replying to advertisers' offers, readers should always address their communications clearly, giving name and full postal address, otherwise unavoidable delay and misdirection of goods or correspondence may result.

"B.-P."—IDOL OF MILLIONS



He has a tall upstanding frame, in spite of his eighty-two years

WHY are there Boy Scouts? I wonder if you know. . . . Why is their uniform as widely known as a policeman's? Why are there, in the world, 3,000,000 Boy Scouts?

You may have forgotten. It is all because of Mafeking, a speck on the map in South Africa, an incident in the Boer War, a small town made famous by the personality of Colonel Baden-Powell, who defended it against overwhelming odds for seven months.

In those days, we boys used to wear in our button-holes medallions of the generals at the front. Photographs of Roberts and Kitchener, White and Buller were worn by youngsters. But, soon, Baden-Powell became most famous of them all.

He defended Mafeking, you see, not only with courage, but with humour.

To interest his troops during their long months of siege, he had special Mafeking stamps printed in the town—much to the annoyance of Queen Victoria.

HE invented all sorts of devices to trick the Boers. He rushed about his only searchlight from fort to fort, so that the enemy thought any attack would be exposed in a blaze of searchlights.

He made a megaphone, which carried 1,200 yards, one through which an officer would give the order, "Get your bayonets fixed," so that the Boer reserves had to stand-to all night while our Tommies were comfortably sleeping.

B.-P. made a joke of it all.

Once, when things were pretty low, the Boer commander sent in a message to B.-P.

"We are shortly entering the town, when we will play cricket with you," he said.

"My side is in at present," replied B.-P., "and yours is in the field. You must bowl us out before your side can come in."

Mafeking was never bowled out. It was relieved—and all Britain went wild with joy.

Now had there been no B.-P., there could have been no Boy Scouts. Only Buffalo Bill rivalled him in popularity among boys.

So it was that sixteen years after Mafeking was relieved his invention of the Boy Scouts was hailed by youthful minds with wild enthusiasm.

Now, when I was a boy, we had little to do for amusement except robbing orchards, throwing stones at windows, pelting cats, and knocking off from railings their arrow tops.

We were chased by policemen, and generally we were just a nuisance. B.-P. transmuted, for the generation after mine, all that youthful exuberance into something useful.

BECAUSE, in Mafeking, he had used boys to carry messages and trained his troops in the scouting he had learned against native armies, he put the two ideas together and on Brownsea Island ran, I well remember, a small camp where a score of boys from Eton, Harrow and the East End were taught the first elements of scouting.

I can almost see, now, the first photographs being brought into a newspaper office in 1907. I can recall the way we laughed at the idea.

It was thought very funny in those days, so much so that the early scoutmasters were jeered at in the streets because they wore shorts.

But before long there were Boy Scouts all over the country and, in a few years, all over the world.

Now, whereas, but for B.-P., millions of boys of almost every colour and race and creed would be still playing about the streets, countless numbers have been

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

taught first-aid and a score of things which make them useful citizens.

They are taught to swim and row, encouraged to become physically fit in every way, encouraged to bear pain without whimpering, and have imbued in them all the idea of doing at least one good deed a day.

They never swank and, almost invariably, they are kind.

Now, certain people object to the Boy Scout movement because it is Imperialistic. They urge that Boy Scouts are taught a narrow patriotism.

That depends, of course, largely on individual scoutmasters. It is not B.-P.'s idea, but the reverse.

B.-P. put his idea into words at a jamboree in Holland two years ago.

"The time has come for me to say good-bye," he said, speaking with emotion. "Some of us will never meet again. I am in my eighty-first year, near the end of my life. You are at the beginning of yours. Try to make it happy by applying the scouts' code.

"It will help to bring about God's reign of peace and good will.

"In a few years you will be grown up and faced with the difficulties and conflicts of nations. Some will talk of War.

"You will know a better way, discussing amicably and reaching a settlement peacefully."

AT that jamboree, the International Scout Conference passed a resolution urging the movement "to do all it could by ensuring that Scouting and Rovering in all countries, while fostering true patriotism, is kept within the limits of international co-operation and friendship, irrespective of creed and race, as has always been outlined by the Chief Scout."

Holding those views, B.-P. was very frank when he met Mussolini a few years ago.

When the Duce told him he wanted a united nation and was bringing up the Italian boys in one ideal, B.-P. replied, "I would prefer a nation where boys were not forced to be in an association, but where they came forward with a voluntary idea of citizenship for their country."

B.-P. has travelled all over the world, visiting Boy Scouts everywhere, holding jamborees. And, in every country he goes, he spreads the idea that the Boy Scout movement is a vast brotherhood.

HE has kindly eyes, what used to be sandy hair, and a tall, upstanding frame, in spite of his eighty-two years.

He is the most human of people, friendly, a man whom anybody can approach, and still a great big boy inside.

If you visit him at his home in Scotland, you are astounded at the rooms crowded with gifts sent by Boy Scouts all over the globe.

Every one has been sent with the real love of boys to whom B.-P. is a model and an eternal inspiration.

B.-P. can talk to boys in their own language. And he thinks, in spite of his years, as they do.

There is the Girl Guide movement, too, one headed by Lady Baden-Powell. They all take it very seriously.

And to them all, millions of boys and millions of girls, B.-P. is an idol—and a friend.

There is no one like him anywhere.

Not from the B.B.C.

There is humour in the waggle of the kilt,
Good for a laugh the sporran oft has been,
So likewise has the story,
Though admittedly it's hoary,
Of the canny Scot who hails from Aberdeen!

But now it's time the Scottish joke to scotch;
For jesters must inevitably see,
If they use a little sense,
That their humour gives offence—
No, not beyond the Tweed, but on the Spree!

QUIPS about the reckless banging of saxpences and the nesting of moths in Scottish purses may leave Caledonia unmoved, but they are eminently calculated to make Germania stern and wild.

For the Nazis, who have declared so many things *verboten* that they are hard put to it to find fresh objects or practices to ban, have turned the eye of displeasure on German papers that publish "stupid jokes about Scots which originate in the Jew-ridden London Press."

This touching solicitude for the feelings of clansmen comes strangely from a country whose caricaturists have for years acted on the assumption that the best way of getting a nasty one on an Englishman is to depict him wearing a bonnet and a kilt and armed with a bottle of Scotland's national beverage.

Jokes *about* Jock

He won't be flattered!

Now, however, the Nazis have discovered that the Scots are (to quote Herr Vesper) "the healthiest, most upright and most Germanic of the races inhabiting the British Isles."

Far be it from me to deny that Scots are healthy and, for the most part, upright, except, perhaps, on the anniversary of Bobbie Burns's birthday and suchlike festive occasions. But why "Germanic"?

What are the supposed points of resemblance between haggis addicts north of the Tweed and sauerkraut consumers east of the Rhine? For you could no more convince Jock that lager is a man's drink than you could persuade Fritz that the bagpipe is a musical instrument.

Nor have I noticed that the Scots waste much time crying out for living space or demanding colonies. On the contrary, they enjoy *Libensraum* and to spare for themselves, grouse, deer, kilted Americans and the Loch Ness monster; while their colonial possessions range from the Hebrides to Broadcasting House.

But the Nazis evidently think that Macphail and McTavish will feel flattered if told that to have been born at Ecclefechan or Ballocheevin is the next best thing to being made in Germany, and will welcome a ban on Aberdonian jokes as a generous helping of appeasement.

Which suggests that Herr von Ribbentrop, while over here, not only got a muddled idea of English psychology but entirely missed the point of Scottish humour.

Oh, stop your ticklin', Fritz!
Won't you stop your ticklin', Fritz!
Dinna make me laugh so hearty
Or you'll give me fits!
All these jokes about mean Scotsmen,
They were made by Scottish wits!
So stop your ticklin',
Tick-a-lick-a-lick-alin'—
Stop your ticklin', Fritz!

Y. Z.

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P.S. 1c/a

Every month, insurance companies are being robbed of thousands of pounds by cunning tricksters who have made a science of faking accidents, robberies, and even deaths

HUGE INSURANCE CONSPIRACIES

● He is badly injured—but are those injuries self-inflicted?

INVESTIGATING the strange case of a man who appeared to have died at least three times, the police recently discovered that for years he had been swindling insurance companies.

The enquiry that unmasked his astonishing career began with a claim he made for injuries after, he alleged, he was knocked down by a taxi-cab.

Examination by the company's medical experts showed that the injuries must have been self-inflicted.

At the time, he was using the name of "Peter Gaynor," but when he was identified his record revealed that he had, as it were, slipped in and out of the world at will with the aid of forged passports.

In each personality he assumed he made bogus insurance claims for injuries.

Sometimes he was successful and obtained fairly large sums. But on eight occasions he was found out and sent to jail.

He is only one of thousands of rogues who thrive on similar dodges and defraud insurance firms throughout the world.

In this country the racket has increased enormously in recent years.

So much so that the insurance world has had to establish a miniature "Scotland Yard" of its own to fight these inventive cheats.

In the aggregate, vast sums of money are involved and the companies are haunted by the uncomfortable feeling that for every trick that is detected probably as many as a hundred slip through.

Top marks for the biggest self-injury swindle of all time are held by a German, named Felix Koellier, who pocketed £80,000 before he was found out.

Living in some style in a large house in Cologne, Koellier first duped a German company for £3,000 without a hitch.

To do that he injured one of his toes and faked a claim by pretending that he had been run over. His toe had to be amputated, but he considered that a trifling price to pay.

Flushed with success, he came to London and took out an accident policy for £50,000. At the same time he arranged a similar policy with a German firm for 400,000 marks.

Then, after a suitable interval, he stabbed one of his eyes and it had to be removed.

Even that he considered a cheap stake when Lloyds paid up £30,000.

WHEN the claim reached his homeland company, they grew suspicious.

The Cologne police were consulted and they in turn got in touch with Scotland Yard.

By a subterfuge, the confident swindler was induced to return to Cologne, and there he was promptly arrested. A few months ago he was sent to jail for four years.

Often whole combinations of crooks, generally directed by a shady lawyer or one who has been struck off the rolls, conspire to make substantial hauls by the faked injury trick.

Some of these groups, with most elaborate organisations, go one step further and use forged death certificates.

NOT long ago, it came to light that the life of a man doomed to die by an incurable disease had been insured.

It was when a claim was lodged that searching enquiries were made.

Then it was discovered that the dead man, Terence Mangan, had been impersonated at the medical examination before the policies were taken out.

The Commercial Union Insurance Company resisted the claim in the courts and won. Incredible though it may seem, this type of fraud is widespread.

Injuries stated to be due to motoring accidents are investigated by agents thoroughly trained to detect the ruses used to hoodwink the assessors.

In numerous instances, even though there has been a genuine accident, companies are plundered by unscrupulous lawyers.

They know they are being confronted with exaggerated claims, but they also realise—and so does the racketeer lawyer—that the amount "piled on" is just a little less than what it would cost in litigation to fight the issue.

It's the lawyer, of course, who grabs the biggest share.

Though the sensational Fire Gang convictions a short time ago undoubtedly helped to check this method of rooking insurance firms, it is computed that many thousands of pounds are still being paid out to arson scoundrels who are clever enough to cover up their tracks.

Even with genuine fires, extensive fraud is perpetrated by grossly over-valuing the goods destroyed.

The section of the insurance companies' own detective force detailed to combat fake fire racketeers is still the busiest.

An off-shoot of this problem is the niggling claim of the householder who has the queer idea that it is morally legitimate to cover the amount of a small annual premium by obtaining compensation for slight cigarette burns—and so on.

The companies regard these as "nuisance claims," and are not greatly worried by them.

It is not possible, though, to treat so lightly the amateurs who rub shoulders with the professionals in raids on the motor-car insurance funds.

HERE again the big hauls, of course, are made by crooks who have taken their cue from the extensive development of similar frauds in the United States.

The gangs operating here work in collusion with dishonest garage proprietors. They provide the hiding place for the cars which are supposed to have been stolen.

Owners of the cars, or those members of the gang in whose name they are registered, file their claims for total loss and the proceeds are shared.

Then the cars, dismantled and reassembled to look like different machines, are used to play the same trick, registration being made in the names of various partners in the group in turn.

Some persons who do well with this dodge work alone.

One of them has just been laid by the heels. Giving the name of Frank Richard Mills, he called at Bow Street police-station and reported that his car had been stolen in the Strand.

In due course he claimed from the insurance company.

Later, when he took out a new road licence at Hastings, the insurance company approached the police and the car for which a new licence had been granted was examined by an expert.

It was found to be the old car for which he had claimed insurance.

A new engine had been put in and the chassis restamped.

Mills was sent to jail for twelve months at the Sussex Assizes. . . .

But others escape. Despite constantly new checks to defeat the insurance cheats, their booty every year would make the eyes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer glisten.

"Greatest of These . . ."

BADLY gassed in the Great War and now suffering from chronic bronchitis, asthma and heart trouble. This is the pathetic position of Mr. Marshall, of Nottingham, who has a wife and four children to support. His sole weekly income is 8s. 6d. National Health Insurance.

The eldest son, aged 15, earns 17s. a week as window-cleaner, when the weather permits him to work. The rent is 10s. a week.

It is impossible for the mother to earn anything, for she, too, suffers from cardiac trouble, and has struggle enough to look after her sick husband and young children.

Audrey

The vicar of the parish assures us that this case is most deserving of help.

Contributions are urgently needed to assist this family and other deserving cases on our long waiting list, and we appeal to our generous readers to do what they can to help.

Donations should be earmarked "Serious," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office and a copy of the current issue will be sent on application.

All administration expenses of the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL.

A "John Bull" Investigator tells you about strange happenings in "Guy Fawkes Villa" . . .

A.R.P. SHOCK T

Special facilities were given by the Home Office to the Investigator we sent to the new A.R.P. "University" at Didsbury, near Manchester.

He was shown everything, taken everywhere. And so he is able to describe all the secrets, never before published, of this institution where the toughest men in A.R.P. are placed under severe tests of brains, brawn and courage

FOR a moment, I could have believed myself to be in one of those "back areas" just behind the front line in France.

Trenches zig-zagged across a field of rank and burnt grass. Everywhere, heaps of tumbled earth and mounds of sand and clay revealed the presence of dug-outs, which, with their concrete roofs placed just above ground level, looked uncommonly like machine-gun posts.

Here and there, a portion of a wall stood up alone, as if the rest of the building had been blasted away.

In the distance a group of steel-helmeted men, with goggles slung round their necks and military overalls thrust into their gum boots, were hurrying in and out of a building which was buttressed with sandbags.

Over all hung an acrid pall of smoke. The air was full of it, and of that strange odour which all old soldiers will remember—the mingled smells of burnt gunpowder, disinfectant, kerosene and wet sacking.

There was, indeed, a "war zone" atmosphere about the whole place. In the grim garb and purposeful attitudes of the group of men I was approaching; in the gutted interior of a house which I passed on the way.

In one corner of this ruin was a charred sofa. Smashed and burnt furniture lay about in heaps, a picture hung askew on the smoke-blackened walls.

SO complete was the illusion that it was strange to look up and see beyond the trees the unscarred roofs of comfortable suburban houses, and to hear the sound of children laughing and shouting in some hidden distance.

It was, in fact, a suburb. The very snug and secure district of Didsbury, near Manchester.

This bit of the Western Front I was now crossing was once the garden of one of its comfortable middle-class homes.

But to-day the place itself, house and grounds, is one of the new A.R.P. "universities."

And this one—to give its full title—was the Home Office N.W. Regional A.R.P. School for Incendiary Bombs and High Explosive.

The house looks like one of those ideal places for bringing up a large family. But its job now—and the job of the men who live in it—is to perfect methods of saving thousands of other homes against the worst effects of aerial warfare.

Its nursery, kitchens, living rooms and bedrooms are now classrooms, test laboratories and changing rooms for the ever-flowing stream of "I.B." and "H.E." students.

Its garden is a practical training ground, complete with the most realistic conditions for the protective handling of the most fearsome of all weapons.

I HAD come to see some of this work. But before we get on to a general description of it, I ought to explain the reasons which have brought these special "schools" into being.

There are ten of them in the country, each placed in selected areas which extend from Gloucester to Glasgow and from Reading to Newcastle.

The Manchester school which I visited is the training centre for the whole of Lancashire, Cheshire, the Isle of Man and Northern Ireland.

It was opened only a few days ago, a direct result of a decision by the Home Office authorities that anti-gas training for instructors—even the very complete training given at the Home Office A.R.P. headquarters at Falfield, Gloucestershire—is not enough.

Incendiary bombs and high explosive are the most likely devices to be used by an enemy, and it was not right that specialist knowledge about defence measures against these weapons should be confined to fire brigades, or to the sketchy information given in A.R.P. handbooks.

The men selected for the courses at these new schools are "hand-picked."

Entrance is confined to those who have passed through the Civilian Anti-Gas School at Falfield, Glos., and so are entitled to the C.A.G.S. certificate, the highest "degree" in A.R.P. work.

UP to now there are about 5,000 of these men.

Their job eventually is to teach local instructors, who in turn train the nation's 1,500,000 A.R.P. volunteers in anti-gas measures.

These schools, then, dealing exclusively with incendiary and high explosive bomb defence, are in a sense "post-graduate" centres.

Any local authority or industrial organisation which runs its own A.R.P. may recommend a student for a course at one of these new "bomb" schools—as long as he is a C.A.G.S. graduate.

But he will not necessarily be accepted, for a further rigid selection process operates, even among this 5,000 of the A.R.P. *elite*.

For one thing, the course is so intensive and severe that all students have to be absolutely physically fit. Each man has to bring a medical certificate to this effect.

And the certificate must not be more than three days old.

Otherwise the student is turned away.

There are definite age limits. No man over the age of fifty-five is accepted. As a matter of fact, the average age of the men is nearer thirty than fifty.

But another standard applies besides mere physical fitness and a "degree" from Falfield.

Students must have the rare capacity of imparting knowledge and instilling confidence into their fellow men. They must be at once teachers and leaders.

AND although all (excepting police officer students) are civilians, the aim is to get a type somewhere between the good N.C.O. and the company commander.

Every week, 20 men are put through the complete course at the school.

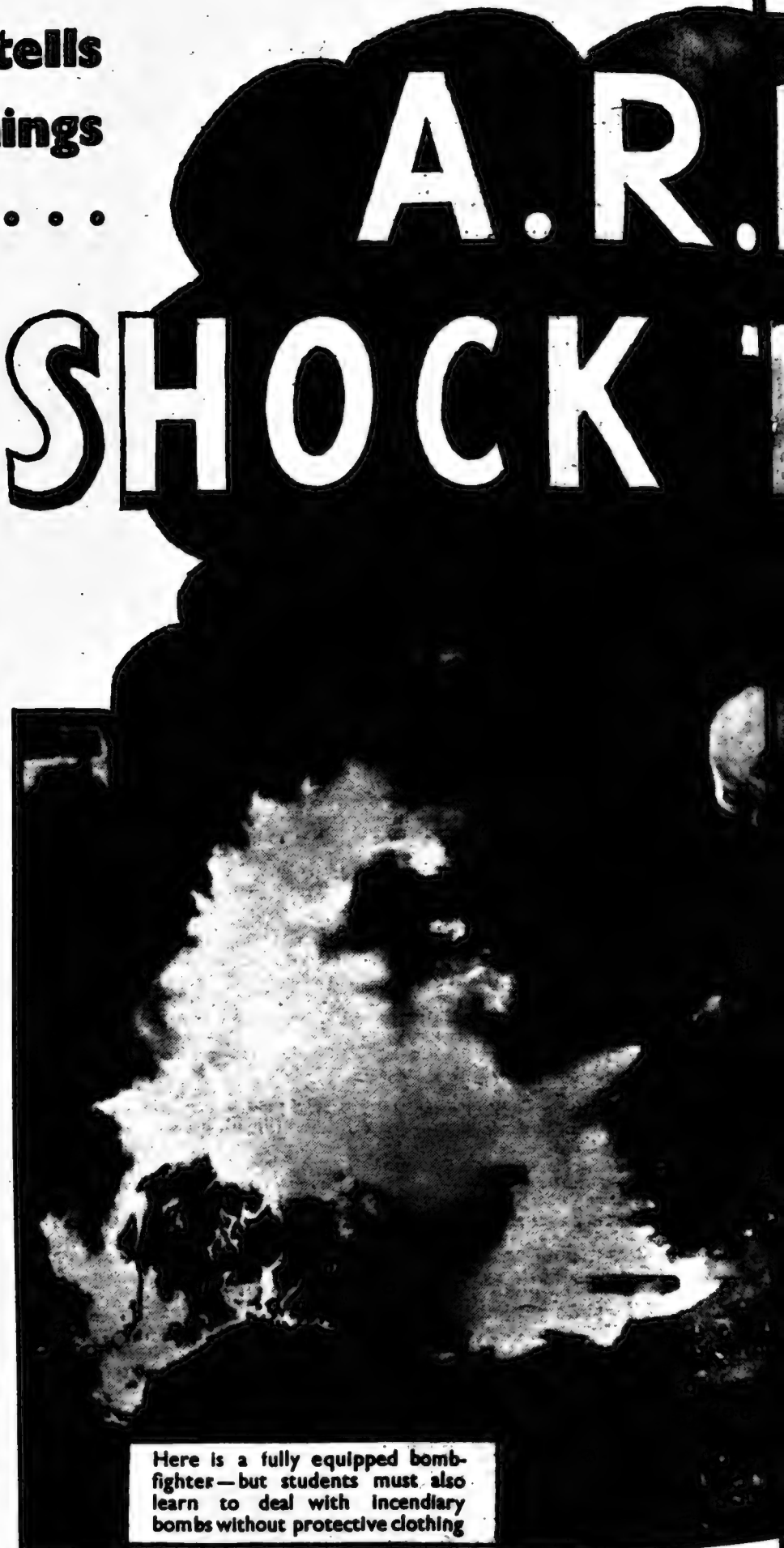
Ten schools means 200 trained men per week who can go out to teach others how to beat the aerial bomber and to show them that incendiary bombs and high explosives are not the hopeless terror they are meant to be.

On the day I arrived at the Didsbury school the "high spot" of the week's training course was scheduled to begin.

Four men were to handle a blazing room in which a real incendiary bomb had been ignited.

They were to go within a foot or so of the cascading molten metal from the bomb, and within the confined space of the room and its furniture they were to extinguish the entire blaze in six minutes.

They do not wear asbestos suits and they do not carry any of Sir Samuel Hoare's famous sand buckets and shovels.



Here is a fully equipped bomb-fighter—but students must also learn to deal with incendiary bombs without protective clothing

Once it was a garden. Now it is a university where students are trained to fight bombs

Their only mechanical aid is a new device called a stirrup pump, a sort of glorified tyre-pump which sends water along a hose line and through a variable nozzle.

Beyond that they have only their knowledge and training and coolness.

To end a bad incendiary bomb fire at such short notice and with such simple measures sounded to me like an unbelievably impossible task.

But Inspector Richardson, the instructor in charge of the course, showed me how it was done.

The building selected for the "outbreak" was the sandbagged brick structure around which men had been working when I entered the school grounds.

"Guy Fawkes Villa" the students call it—to distinguish it apparently from "Chlorine Cottage," a similar building which at some schools is used to demonstrate gas-proofing.

The inspector took me inside.

In one corner of the room was lying a wicked-looking cylinder painted red and about 10 in. long. This, he explained, was a real 2½-lb. incendiary bomb. Aeroplanes can carry about 1,000 of them.

They are heavy enough to break through roof tiles and come to rest on an attic floor. There they ignite.

The thermit inside the bomb generates a heat of more than 2,000 deg. Cent. in a few seconds.

The magnesium casing of the bomb melts and throws molten metal as much as 20 ft.

The bomb blazes for 15 minutes, long enough to burn through an attic floor and start a serious conflagration.

ALTHOUGH less than 10 per cent. of them would strike houses in an air raid, the problem is to deal with them quickly before the fires spread to hundreds of other houses.

To make the task of the students more difficult, and to make a more swift and serious fire than they would have to cope with even under real war conditions, all the junk-shop furniture in the room was drenched in paraffin.

Crates stood about, filled with shavings and smoke-creating material.

The test trial began. We fitted on steel helmets and goggles (to protect the eyes against the incandescent glare of the bomb).

Stop-watch in hand, Inspector Richardson stood in the centre of the room. The two students who were afterwards to enter the blazing room stood by petrol-soaked newspaper.

At a given moment the inspector knelt down and lit the fuse of the bomb, while the paper torches were thrust into the shavings.

Flames leapt up, there was a spitting hiss from the bomb and then: "All out!" he shouted.

We hurled ourselves out into the passage way and slammed the door after us.

Crouching in this corridor, I looked through an armoured glass window, the inspector with his stop-watch beside me.

THE bomb in a corner was already a blinding white glare. I could hear the terrifying roar of its burning even through the thick glass window, and it was throwing off showers of huge sparks like a mad Brock's Benefit.

The furniture was ablaze and the room packed with thick smoke.

"We give the first two minutes to allow it to get a complete hold," said the inspector.

One minute went by. "Pump men stand by," he shouted above the roar of the flames.

Another thirty seconds. "Stand by," he said to the two men crouched in the corridor by the closed door.

"Hoses ready, hatchets out."

Two minutes. And then: "In you go," he shouted.

The two men leapt at the door. The latch seemed to be jammed.

"Break it down," he ordered.

But the door opened, searing flame and volumes of choking smoke poured through.

Surely, I thought, no man can get into that inferno!

But they did. They went on all fours, almost flat.

"Keep your heads down," I could hear the instructor shouting above the din of crackling wood and the roar of the flaming bomb.

"Keep down and you can breathe. Hose that table and couch. Work towards the bomb!"

One man was nearly through and directing his hose towards the blazing terror in the corner. A few feet away from it. . . .

But, "No—the spray, *not* the jet on the bomb," I could hear Richardson calling urgently. "The spray, the spray."

It was a medley of noise and shouted orders, but it was an ordered confusion. Gradually the flames were dying down into steam and smoke.

The bomb had two hoses on it now, the men's thumbs working the nozzle buttons which convert the water jets into a spray. A jet apparently "livens" up the bomb and blows its flaming particles in all directions.

SOON it was a small heap, but still glowing white and hissing viciously. And then it died under the concentrated spray.

The last bursts of flame were quenched in other parts of the room leaving only sodden, charred furniture—and it was all over.

"Five minutes, twenty seconds," said the inspector glancing at his stop-watch. "Not bad."

That five minutes had seemed more like five hours to me!

But there was yet another check-up to the test. We went outside and he read off the amount of water used. Six gallons!

Five minutes' work and six gallons of water to put out an incendiary bomb which had got well alight is a pretty remarkable achievement.

But all these students have to do it—or nearly to those limits—before they pass the course.

The reason for the water check is typical of the efficiency and foresight which marks the training at these new schools.

Under actual war conditions there may not be an unlimited supply of water. Mains, for example, may have burst; or the fire fighters may not have time to reach hydrants and must put up with domestic supplies.

These demonstrations have shown that with the stirrup pump, which costs about 25s., and throws a narrow jet about 30 feet, a bath or bucket supply of water, and a simple knowledge of the right technique, there is nothing to fear from an incendiary bomb.

The keynote of the training at these A.R.P. universities is the instilling of **confidence.**

For example, the first demonstrations of actual incendiary bomb explosions take place in an open-fronted shed so that the students can see how to deal with it, before they face the ordeal of a blazing indoor room.

The same applies to high explosives.

Inspector Richardson took me along the trench systems which run through the grounds. Every section had a different form of "revetting" for supporting the walls. The students build these trenches from materials which are easily available—rough timber, packing-case lids, empty tin cases.

I WAS shown an effective shelter for four persons, safe against anything except a direct hit from a 500-lb. bomb, which had been dug and erected complete by two men in five hours.

In the classrooms, they are shown what to expect, and why. In the field they are shown the proven ways of combating it.

One other simple example of the "confidence-instilling" angle of these new A.R.P. schools training:—

In the grounds is a wall of boards about 14 ft. high, surmounted by a platform.

The instructor explained. "The platform represents the first-floor window of a house. A man standing on it is about 20 ft. up, and from there to the ground seems a terrifying drop.

"But we show how easy it is to escape, say, from a burning room at this height by lowering oneself from the sill and dropping to the ground."

I saw a line of students following each other up to this platform and getting themselves used to these "jump drops."

And also taking it in turn to lower a "casualty" single-handed, using just a length of rope, with their foot and the sill edge for "braking effect."

These "jump drops" and the sheer hard labour of practical fire-fighting and trench and shelter building are the chief reasons for the insistence on the physical fitness of candidates.

OF the twenty students I saw, more than half of them were in the executive class in their civilian occupations.

For example, the two men who entered the blazing room in "Guy Fawkes Villa" were a chartered accountant and the works superintendent of a factory employing 5,000 men.

These A.R.P. universities are not "pencil and notebook" institutions. And it says a lot for the quality of the available man-power of the country that the regional schools have already got long waiting lists.

It says something, too, for the A.R.P. authorities that, after much delay and muddle about tuition facilities, they have at last got down to business.

A grim business maybe—but necessary and practical if we are ever to prepare adequately for defence.

SUGAR KING'S DAUGHTER

"You'll pay for this," bellowed Sir Harold

Another Short Story about Charlie Ferny

—the Cockney landlord of the Fox-by-the-Hill in Neston Magna

By David Adam

"IF you ask me," said Charlie Ferny, looking up from the sheet of sandpaper on which he was touching up the points of a set of darts, "I'd say as even the ducks on Willow Pool looks fed up with it."

There were few customers in the bar of the Fox-by-the-Hill, Neston Magna, that morning—the nineteenth day of almost continuous rain—and the talk was about the weather.

It was the wettest April that old Sam Tafter could remember, and his recollection of great frosts, gales and droughts ranged, crystal-clear, over more than sixty years.

Acres of what should have been Spring-green meadows and neat plough were under flood-water, wind-whipped and desolate. Neston itself was all right, for the village, set comfortably at the foot of One Tree Down, was well above the level of the surrounding country.

But the water was rising. . . .

"'Ow yer gettin' on over at Three Elms?" Charlie asked George Huckley.

"Nay so badly as some," replied George, contemplating the steam that rose from his enormous boots before the fire. "Two-three medders is covered, an' we had to move a couple o' dozen heifers this marnin'. Likely it'll reach the ricks nor it stops rainin' soon."

"They do say things looks badly down by the Manor," said Sam Tafter, emerging from the depths of his pint pot like an elderly seal at a blow-hole.

"And the Squire's gettin' proper anxious 'bout them Persian carpets of his'n."

Charlie's broad cheeks creased into a grin. He knew as well as Old Sam that Sir Harold Middock was no "squire": the title sat as uncomfortably on the rounded shoulders of the ex-grocer as did the name "Manor" on his new and expensive mansion half a mile below the village.

"'Sright," said Charlie. "I was dahn there yesterd'y, and the floods was pourin' into 'is swimmin' pool and makin' a fair mess o' the Eyetalion Garden.

"The chauffeur told me as the 'ouse'old staff was takin' the carpets up in the dahnstairs rooms and shiftin' some of the furniture upstairs aht of 'arm's way."

THE shining point of a dart rasped on the sandpaper, and Charlie tilted his head ruminatively.

"Twenty years back Sir 'Arold wouldn't 'ave feared no floods," he said. "Not likely! 'Im an' 'is missus used to live in a couple o' rooms no bigger 'n this over 'is first shop in the Borough High Street.

"An' in no time it was 'Middock's Monster Marts,' with Sir 'Arold rakin' in the dough as fast as 'e could shove it in the bank."

He squinted at the burnished point and stuck it in the counter.

Outside, the rain had dwindled to a thin drizzle, and one by one the patrons of the Fox took themselves off to their dinners.

Charlie, left alone, stumped round the bar to collect the empty pots from the little table by the fire.

He broke off a not very tuneful rendering of "Comin' Through the Rye" to cock an ear. Then he said to himself, "Talk o' the Devil!" For the voice that floated angrily to his ear from outside the inn was the voice of Sir Harold himself.

Charlie, who believed curiosity to be anything but a vice, set down his tankards and went to the window. Peering over the top of the frosted lower sash he could see the bowler-hatted, raincoated figure of the grocer-baronet astride his huge bay mare.

Above his upturned collar Sir Harold's face glowed an indignant red, and his remarks were emphasised by the wagging of a riding-crop towards the door of the inn.

The innkeeper could not see to whom those remarks were addressed, but their content told him that it must be young Peter Bryce.

"You mark my words!" Sir Harold was saying "next time I see you skulking round my house I'll turn the dogs loose. I thought I'd made it plain enough b' now that I don't want a no-good farmer's son hanging round my daughter."

"And your daughter thinks otherwise," came the voice of Peter Bryce from the inn doorway, and Charlie chuckled to himself.

He liked young Peter Bryce, and he liked the ex-grocer's daughter, Mary. And he was all for romance.

The bar door swung open to admit a spatter of wind-borne rain and the dripping figure of Peter Bryce.

"Dirty weather still, Mr. Bryce," said Charlie, returning to his bar with heavy nonchalance and the newcomer grinned.

"Don't try to fool me, you old eavesdropper!" he said. "You must have heard every word."

"Mebbe I did," Charlie admitted, as he stooped over an ale-cask and turned a spigot. "An' I think you give 'im the right answer, too."

Charlie placed a mug of mild-and-bitter on the counter before young Peter. The innkeeper prided himself on knowing the various tastes of his customers.

"How comes it," said Peter, "that an old rough-neck like the Sugar King has a daughter like Mary?"

"Dunno," said Charlie. "'Cept that Mrs. Middock was a nice enough body. She used to come rahnd to see my missus sometimes, when we kept shop in Bermondsey. Poor soul, she wouldn't 'ave liked bein' Lady Middock if she'd lived. Couldn't abide success, she couldn't."

* * *

FOR three more days and nights it rained steadily. The grey waters of the flood stretched chill fingers over more and more land, and the little Benner brook that ran beside Neston's one street—it was normally no more than a pretty trickle—now tumbled in brown spate, foam-flecked and angry, round the wooden posts that carried the footbridge across it.

A few unhappy cottagers down Back Lane—the lowest part of the village—were marooned in the upper storeys of their homes.

And Charlie, possessing the only boat for miles around—an old, flat-bottomed punt from which, in happier weather, he fished the deep waters of the Willow Pool—was kept busy in his off-duty hours ferrying children and old folks and bedraggled hens and even a pig or two to the higher ground.

On the fourth morning, Charlie was awakened at dawn by the staccato rattle of the rain on the roof-tiles—a furious downpour which hissed against the pale grey square of the window—"as if," he told himself, "it 'adn't really tried to rain until now."

For a while he lay on his back and stared at the window, wondering how high the water was getting in Back Lane.

Then suddenly a new sound obtruded itself above the rain-patter.

(Continued on page 24)

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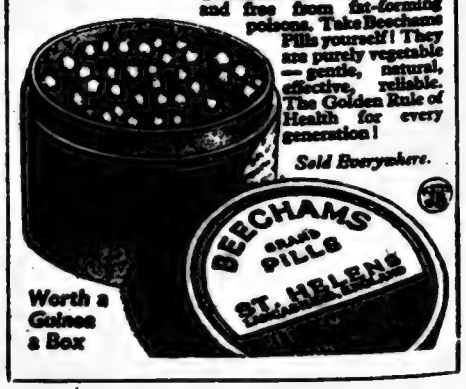

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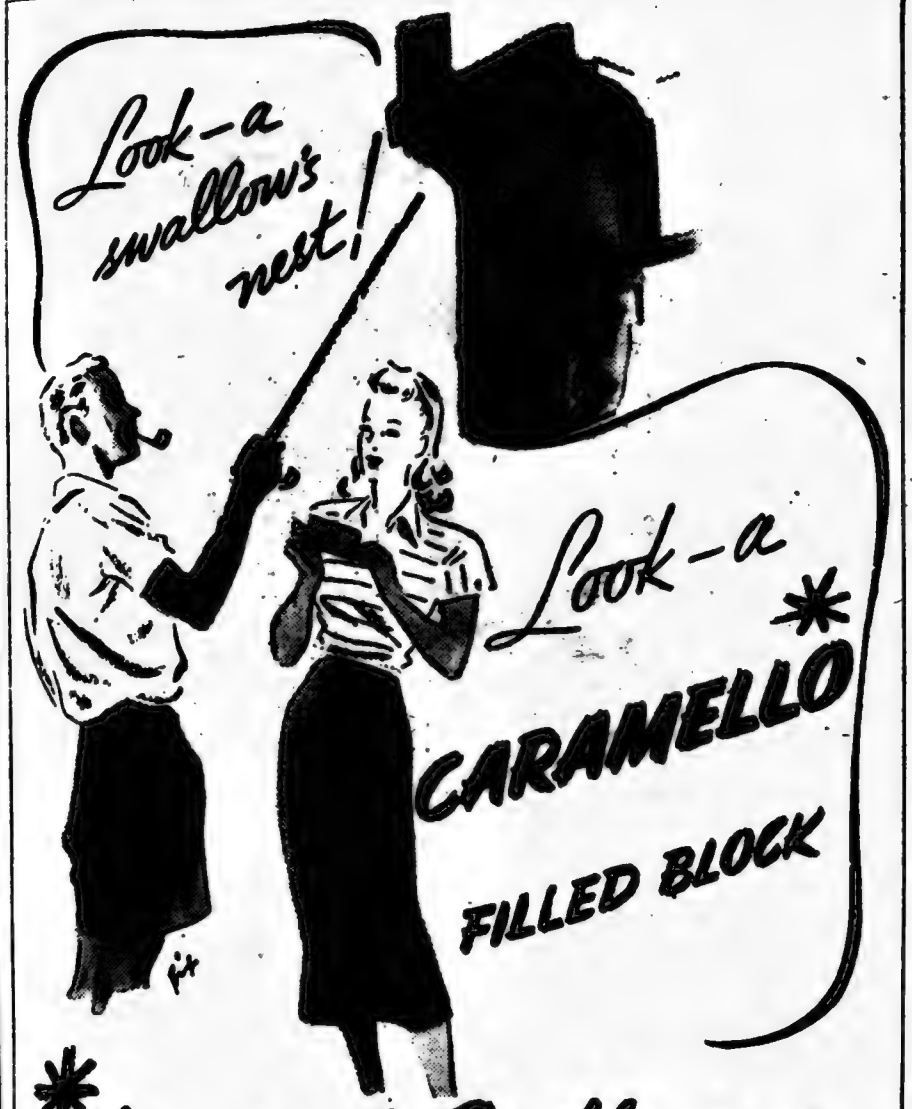

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Continuing Short Story:

Sugar King's Daughter

It was the burr of the telephone bell downstairs in the bar-parlour.

Charlie grunted, none too pleased, and rolled from the warmth of the bed he had hoped not to leave for a good hour.

"'Sorlright, lass," he reassured his wife, who stirred and half-woke; then he groped his way down the dark and narrow stairs.

The receiver struck chill as he put it to his ear and sleepily asked who was there.

"That you, Ferny?" buzzed the voice of Sir Harold Middock, small and distant, but no less autocratic. "We're flooded out in the Manor here. Can't get downstairs. Water must have risen in the night. Can you get that boat of yours over here to fetch us out?"

Charlie considered for a moment, and then said he supposed he could. There was a ridge of high ground between the boat, where it lay down below the inn, and the Manor; but with a bit of help he thought that he could shove it over.

"I'll make it worth your while, Ferny," said the Sugar King's voice in a manner which was offensive to Charlie's ear. "But for heaven's sake don't waste time, the water's still rising."

Charlie hung up and rubbed his chin with a thoughtful thumb. Then he went upstairs again and began to dress. As he grunted over the lacing of his boots an idea came to him, and a slow grin spread over his big red face.

Maybe, if he went and got young Peter Bryce. . . . Well, he told himself, it was an ill flood that did nobody any good. . . .

RISING grotesquely from the flood-waters, Middock Manor looked less than ever like the Elizabethan mansion it was supposed to represent.

Much-mullioned, too-heavily timbered, crazily gabled, it owed something to each of the three architects who Sir Harold Middock had engaged in succession upon its plans: and not a little, too, to his own imagination.

Now, on this grey morning it looked like some fantastic ark at anchor. Muddy water swirled lazily round its walls; matted bunches of reeds and fragments of broken hen-coops and other flotsam clung to the little cyprus trees that were now all that was left to mark the broad sweep of the drive.

In all the sorry scene, nothing was more ridiculous than the figure which irritably paced the little timber balcony above the massive portico of the front door.

A heavy caped raincoat, a shapeless tweed hat bristling with gaudy trout flies, muddied Wellington boots—and, within, the angry person of the Sugar King, gnawing the moustache which had looked so much more at home above a white-fringed apron in a little shop in Borough High Street.

It was a good deal more than an hour since he had 'phoned the innkeeper, and Sir Harold was fretting, as only a self-made plutocrat can fret when faced by a problem that money cannot solve.

The fiver which he had mentally docketed as salvage money dwindled to a pound note—to ten shillings.

Snugly wrapped in a tweed overcoat, Mary leaned against the balcony rail and permitted a little smile to hover, rather furtively, over her pretty mouth.

Quite a long time ago she had given up trying to convince herself that it was wrong to be amused at one's own father.

Suddenly Sir Harold's pacing ceased, and he let loose an explosive "About time!" Mary's eyes followed his gaze and picked out in the haze which overhung the floods the dark, lean outline of a punt which was progressing slowly and somewhat erratically towards Middock Manor.

Until it nosed against the house wall the problem of embarkation had not occurred to Sir Harold. The water was not high enough to bring the boat within

The squire was having an argument with someone

reach of the balcony, which offered no footholds that could be relied upon to support so considerable a weight as his.

And so, not without difficulty, the great oaken door below was opened, and the battered old punt was eased through into the flooded Grand Hall of Middock Manor.

From the stairs, Mary, a couple of giggling maids and, lastly, Sir Harold himself, stepped one by one into Charlie's punt. And with a "'Eave 'o!" the innkeeper pushed off.

Like the last boatload from some crazy shipwreck, they came out into the open flood, the punt low in the water.

Again a little tremor of amusement rose in Mary's throat as she looked from the thick neck of the innkeeper, red from the effort of poling, to the uncomfortable figure of her father hunched in the bows.

Behind her, the man in the oilskin coat was whistling the "Volga Boat Song" in time with the rise and thrust of the pole, and Annie, the younger of the two maids, was nonchalantly trailing a hand in the water. . . .

It was Sir Harold, impatient to reach more or less dry land, who first noticed that the punt was making, not for the nearest spur of higher ground below the village, but out into the sheet of water which covered the meadows to the right of the manor.

He grunted an irrascible query and Charlie answered, with studied vagueness, that he knew of a better landing-place.

SIR HAROLD had hardly had time to turn this over in his mind when Annie squeaked with alarm and pointed ahead.

In the middle of the meadow, there rose a small green island where a hillock, known as Porter's Bury, was still a little higher than the flood level.

The punt, under Charlie's seemingly awkward hand, was making straight for it. . . .

One more pole-thrust, and there came a jar which shook the occupants of the punt into a heap. Sir Harold found himself flat on his back as the sloping bows beneath him slid upwards for a foot or so and was buried in the soft turf of the mound.

"What the devil . . . !" he began; but Charlie's voice cut in with a cheerful apology.

"Sorry, sir!" he said. "I'm afraid we've run agrahnd. If you steps ashore a moment and takes some o' the weight orf the front, Sir 'Arold, we'll soon 'ave 'er afloat again."

For a moment the baronet hesitated, fury on his face: but there was nothing for it, and awkwardly he scrambled over the grounded end of the punt.

Thus lightened the punt required no more than a sharp thrust of Charlie's pole, and there was a yard of water between Sir Harold and the freed bows.

For a moment or so, the Sugar King waited for Charlie to check the punt's backward glide and return to pick him up: but his jaw dropped incredulously when it dawned on him that the innkeeper had no such intention, had, in fact, shipped his pole and was allowing the punt to drift farther and farther away.

"Hey!" he shouted, "come back!"

"Orl right, sir," said Charlie, smoothly. "We'll come back in a minute, but this young gen'leman 'ere wants to 'ave a sort o' parley with yer first."

He thrust a thumb over his shoulder, and Mary, a little dazed by the unreality of it all, turned curiously to look behind her.

"Peter" she said. The sou'-wester was off, and Peter Bryce's grinning face was revealed. "What in the world's all this about?"

"It's a plot," Peter told her. "A scheme of ours to . . ."

"It's an outrage!" came the voice of Sir Harold from his little island. "It's . . . it's blackmail!"

"That's exactly the word!" Peter shouted back at him. "We're going to blackmail you into being reasonable. And the water's rising, Sir Harold. Do I marry your daughter? Or do you swim for it?"

"Swim be damned!"

Fury rattled in the baronet's throat and an ominous vein pumped at his temple. "I'll see you in jail for this, young Bryce!"

Young Bryce, unmoved by the threat, said, "All right, Charlie, let her go."

The innkeeper's broad shoulders swung; the pole slid into the water again, and wind-driven wavelets lapped noisily against the square prow as the punt answered to his thrust.

Mary, seeing her father's figure grow smaller across the turgid brown of the flood, was torn between filial loyalty and a powerful desire to laugh.

"OH, Peter!" she said. "You *can't* leave daddy there. He'll catch his death of cold. And he'll never forgive us!"

Peter, standing above her, smiled down for a moment, then cupped his hands to yell: "It's coming on to rain again, sir!"

Now the distant figure of Sir Harold was seen to be dancing with rage, and the spectacle was too much for Mary. She leaned back against Peter's knees and gave way to laughter.

"Come on, Sir 'Arold!" Charlie felt that now was the moment for a little diplomacy. "Give 'em yer blessing and let's get 'ome to breakfast."

Breakfast! The word cut through the ex-grocer's indignation and his armour began to buckle. He'd forgotten breakfast, and he suddenly felt pitifully lonely on the tiny patch of grass, which seemed to be growing even smaller.

"Bring that confounded punt back, Ferny, and we'll talk it over."

His voice sounded thin and dispirited across the water.

"Better make it definite, sir," said Charlie, with gentle firmness.

For a moment the distant figure of the baronet seemed to stiffen . . . then his arms fell to his sides and, Charlie knew the day was won.

"All right. You win, young Bryce—dam' your nerve!" shouted the Sugar King, none too sweetly.

Charlie dug his pole into the water.

* * *

Charlie looked up from his plate of ham and eggs in the bar-parlour of the Fox-by-the-Hill and leaned across to Mary.

"It's a good job your dad caved in when 'e did," he said, whispering so that Sir Harold, at the other end of the table, should not hear. "The water went dahn a couple of inches while he was arguing. E' could 'ave waded 'ere by now."

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Miss STEVENSON'S WHITE GLOVES

I took a leap into the darkness

THE greatest adventure of my life took place in an American freight train *en route* to the Middle West.

Yes, I jumped the train, as thousands have done before and will again. Pretty well broke, I had worked my way through the States picking up odd jobs where I could.

My first intention had been to seek fame and fortune in Chicago, but business there was bad. Lately I had been working in a country town, mainly of shabby working houses.

I wanted to quit, so when I saw a long freight-train drawn up on a siding and loading bags of cement, I made a few enquiries and found that she was due to go west some time that night.

West! If I could reach British Columbia, or even Oregon, there was plenty of work to be had, I was told.

Opening the door of a truck, I hopped in among the sacks of cement. I dug out a bag or two, piled them in front, covered myself with a couple of empty sacks, and, laying my head on my haversack, was soon comfortable and warm.

Before long I fell asleep, for how long I do not know, but when I awakened the train was jolting along.

I turned over in my bed—and was suddenly seized by the scruff of my neck.

Too startled to cry out, I tried to struggle free. A sharp voice snapped low in my ear:—

"You gotta get out of here quick!"

"Who are you to give orders?" I answered angrily. "Why should I quit more than you?"

Another voice spoke in an undertone, near to my ear: "If you don't do as you're told, we'll throw you off."

So there were two of them. They must have got on while I was sleeping.

"Let go of me!" I cried, struggling.

It was useless. They grabbed me out of my corner roughly, jerked me by my neckband to the floor, and, holding my hands, frog-marched me across the floor of the truck.

Though I tried to wrestle with them, they were big, strong fellows, and inch by inch I was pushed to the door.

"I give in!" I said breathlessly, when I knew that further resistance was useless: "Let me go, and I'll jump off."

"Okay," said the first speaker, "we got nothing on you, except you gotta get out."

"Can I get my haversack first?"

ONE of them went to find it while the other held me fast. And as I stood waiting by the bolted door, something strange happened. . . .

A soft hand crept into mine. It was a woman's hand. It gave me a gentle squeeze and left some soft material in my hand.

Almost imperceptibly I heard a low "Sesh!"

I had just time to put the soft material in my trousers pocket when the other man pushed my haversack into my arms.

"There y'are!" he snapped, "Git ready to jump. We're slowing down."

I took a leap into the darkness. My last memory was a woman's scream. . . .

For some time everything was a blank.

When I came to I was lying in a shallow ditch, suffering from shock.

Luckily, however, I had only a few bruises and a cut face.

Around me I could see nothing but bare fields, but after a while, as it got lighter, I found a rough road and followed it until I saw a small farm.

The door was opened by the farmer's wife, her man behind her. I asked for a drink of water.

They looked me up and down, and although I was plastered with mud and dried blood, they seemed satisfied.

"You look pretty bad, son," said the farmer. "Come right in!"

They brought me a bowl of warm water, towel and soap, then a mug of hot fragrant coffee, and bread and dripping. Not a single question did they ask.

I began to remember things . . . the vivid details of the train . . .

I put my hand in my pocket, and drew out a pair of soft white kid gloves.

The good farmer and his wife stared.

"You might be interested to hear how I came by these," I said—and recounted my adventure.

The farmer looked perturbed.

"Them devils may be murderin' that poor girl," he said, and then: "Say, son, I guess we'd better get out the old buggy and drive to the nearest rail depot."

HIS buggy proved to be an aged car, but she bumped over the roads to the railroad depot, where we rooted out the station chief. He listened with obvious suspicion.

"Guess you'd better report to the police," he said tersely.

In a few minutes two policemen heard my story.

"Let's look at the gloves," snapped the principal.

He examined them carefully and took his colleague aside.

"You jumped this freighter at Marshall?" he asked. "You never knew these people were on board?"

"That's so."

"Well, maybe you've done a good bit of work. We've been notified of two hold-up guys who kidnapped a girl with her firm's pay money in her grip. They're tough. They knocked this dame on the head."

"Still," said the station agent, "she can't be much hurt if she managed to slip you those gloves."

"Not yet, she isn't," said the cop, grimly. "What's the destination of that freighter?"

Late that night we boarded an express, stopped specially for us. Dog-tired, I slept until morning, when we reached a town called Thomsonville. A police car was in waiting.

"We got 'em under arrest," I heard them say.

"And the girl?"

"She's all right. They planned to drop out and leave her gagged behind them. Seems they carried her on the freighter unconscious."

I met her face to face in the police bureau. A sweet young girl, scarcely more than twenty. Asked if she could identify me, she shook her head.

"Would you know your gloves?" she was asked. When the police chief produced them she gave a little cry.

"Gee! Are you the boy they threw out?"

Smilingly I admitted that I was.

"Chief," she said, "I feel as I could give him one great big hug! He may have saved my life!"

"Well, Miss Stevenson," said the chief grinning, "if you feel like that we won't look!"

Margie did hug me. What is more, later she married me.

We're back in England now doing well enough, so to this day I have the privilege of buying her white kid gloves.

MERITOR REGD

You should have a MERITOR—
Just the brush you're looking for
You'll appreciate the packing—
Sterilized, hygienic wrapping.
Strong and lasting—British made.
Pleasing colours — choose your shade
Long or short heads, bristles stout.
Value here, beyond a doubt.

MAW OF LONDON
MERITOR CHEMISTS' SUNDRIES

BANISH FEET PAINS

CRO-PAX Callous Remover and Metatarsal Support will give immediate relief to painful callouses and aching arches. Made of sponge rubber with fine elastic band, it fits snugly to the foot.

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS 6D

Obtainable at branches of Boots, Timothy Whites, Woolworths, all Chemists and Stores.
CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS, SOUTHAMPTON.

Royal Tour Souvenir

A beautiful 64-page book containing a complete record of the Royal tour of Canada and the visit to the United States is now on sale.

Published by King George's Jubilee Trust, it includes all the speeches made by the King and Queen, and there are also sixty-five splendid photographs.

"Thier Majesties' Visit to Canada, the United States and Newfoundland" costs 3s. 6d. All proceeds will be devoted to the Jubilee Trust.

WHO COULD HAVE TOLD THEM?

ARE you quick to notice things? Can you see what is the most remarkable point about all these letters? They are extracts from a few of the constant stream that comes to the proprietors of Keystone Burgundy.

"I have been taking Keystone Burgundy now for some years, and would not be without it. My doctor ordered it after an illness which left me very weak, but as soon as I started the Burgundy, I began to feel better, and now my friends tell me they have never seen me looking so well."

"*My daughter has greatly benefited from taking Keystone Burgundy. We have been told to take it by our own doctor.*"

"I may say that I have been taking Keystone under doctor's orders for the past six months for anaemia and it has done me much good."

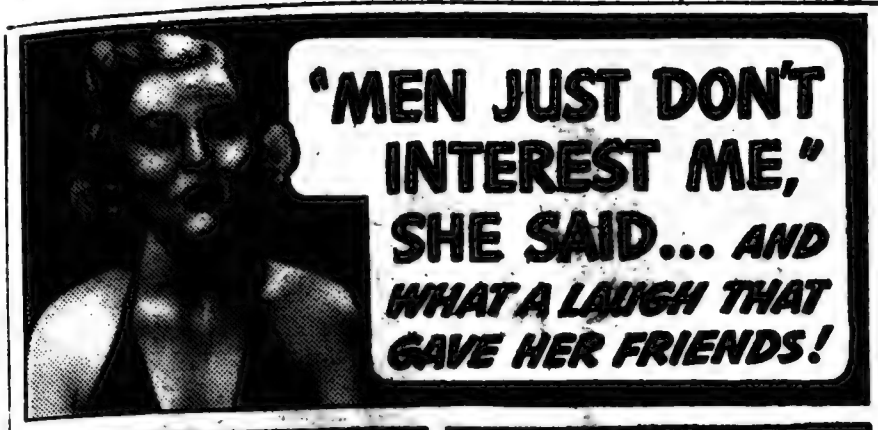
"*Keystone has made my wife quite well after four years of trouble. My doctor told her to try the wine.*"

"I have been advised to take Keystone by my doctor after a most serious illness and find it does me good."

You've "spotted" it! They have all *taken Keystone Burgundy because their doctor told them to.* Nine out of ten people who so kindly write us about the good Keystone has done them, first heard of Keystone from doctors.

So, if you have been ill, if you are feeling run down, if you have lost your appetite, you know the sensible thing to do. Take Keystone regularly with your meals. It is a thing your doctor will strongly approve of.

All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell Keystone Burgundy in large flagons 4s. 6d., half-flagons 2s. 3d. (3d. extra deposit, returnable, on both sizes). Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (26)


"MEN JUST DON'T INTEREST ME," SHE SAID... AND WHAT A LAUGH THAT GAVE HER FRIENDS!
I SAY! LOOK AT JANET! HONESTLY NOW, SIS, IS THAT GIRL A MAN-HATER?
OF COURSE NOT! THE TRUTH IS, MEN DON'T LIKE JANET! AND NO WONDER! SHE OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT HER BREATH!
?
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
FOR A 'MAN-HATER,' YOU'RE SEEING A LOT OF JIM THESE DAYS, JANET!
NOT ENOUGH TO SUIT ME, SIS!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent thoroughly cleans the enamel — makes teeth sparkle!

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The Guarantee appears in this issue on page 25.

SEVEN HILLMAN CARS OFFERED FREE

★

ENTER NOW and WIN A BIG PRIZE IN THIS SIMPLE COMPETITION

Hints how to win! Eat Outspan Oranges after meals or as a refresher; squeeze them for plentiful, delicious juice. Notice how sweet and juicy they are. Now isn't that something easy to write about?

Turn to the Front Cover announcement. Fill in the coupon with your name and address and finish the sentence, "I like Outspan Oranges because . . ." in 25 additional words or less and send to Outspan Oranges, Minx Dept., J.B.H.2, 123, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Do not fail to enter! It's so easy to write a good sentence and a Hillman Minx is offered each week in seven big weekly Contests. With each car the winner gets 100 gallons of petrol, and Road Tax and Comprehensive Insurance paid to end of year. All brands of South African Oranges conform to the highest standards of sweetness and juice content. They are the best that you can buy.

Send six wrappers from Outspan, Goldland, or any other brand of South African Oranges with each entry. Turn to the Front Cover announcement, where seven Hillman Cars are offered free, together with other cash prizes. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once.

DO IT NOW

A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO FOR 10½d. ONLY

A Revelation

AT 10½d. PER OUNCE

Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists

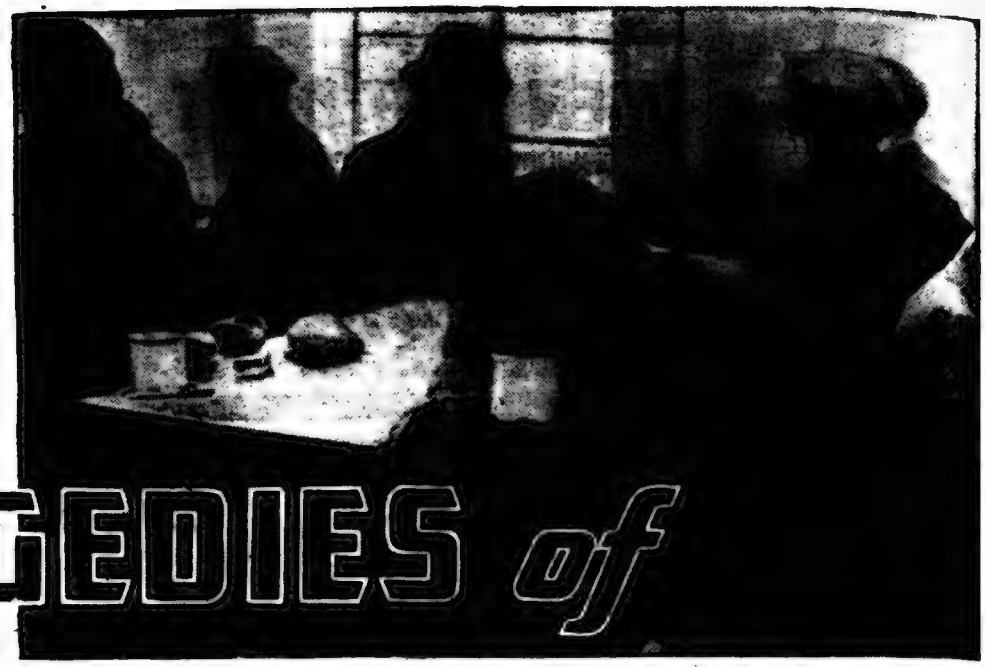
Here is the name!

One-ounce moisture-proof packets **10½d.**

'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets 9½d. *Two-ounce tins* **1/9**

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

William Gape, "The Tramps' K.C.," continues his moving story of the Submerged Half Million



Title picture shows a scene in a casual ward

TRAGEDIES of "The SPIKE"

I MADE my way to the House of Commons the other afternoon, a few minutes after performing eight hours' task labour in exchange for lodging in a casual ward.

I had read that an important Ministerial statement was to be made regarding a tremendous drop in unemployment.

Listening in the public gallery, I detected a grave omission from the Government pronouncement on the number of people still out of work.

I went to another part of the building and sought an interview with a Minister, describing myself on the application form as president of the Hoboes' Union.

It was "not convenient," I was told, to see a Member of the Cabinet. But I was courteously received by a Parliamentary Secretary.

He seemed mystified when I mentioned that there had been a mistake of not less than half-a-million in the unemployment figures which I had just heard announced from the Treasury bench.

They did not include, I pointed out, the 500,000 homeless poor, who, largely because of the savagery of the Means Test and the severity of the unemployment insurance regulations, have been driven into the wilderness and are now drifting about the country on a blind and futile quest for work.

Obviously, he was unaware that we existed. But so are many other people. Truly, we are the lost legions of the twentieth century.

The parliamentarian made many notes of the information I gave him and undertook that it would be presented both to the Prime Minister and the Minister of Labour.

"Where will you sleep to-night?" he asked.

Time was short, I replied, but I would have to get by hitch-hiking to a casual ward nearly thirty miles away.

I explained that if I went back to any workhouse in which I had spent a night in the past month, I would, by law, be locked up for four days and five nights.

"But this is barbaric!" he cried. "What hope can men like you ever have of finding work and freedom?"

I took my leave, suggesting that his question was a proper and urgent one for him and his political colleagues to ponder.

There are, however, other administrators who are vividly aware of the tragic reality of the position and its evils.

They are the chief constables and the heads of the criminal investigation services of the country. Their knowledge is also shared by magistrates.

WHAT they know is that much of the petty crime now recorded is fake.

The offences—their growing number would be alarming if accepted at face value—are all of a nature carrying short sentences and they are committed by members of the huge workless army now roving the country.

Almost always, I repeat, the crime is forged.

A man, after getting away from a casual ward, decides to take the risk of remaining in the neighbourhood for a few hours in the hope that he will find work to enable him to rent a room with a warm bed in it.

He is unsuccessful, and there is not time to trudge to the next casual ward.

But if he goes back to the one he was at last night he will have to endure those four days and five nights of detention under soul-destroying conditions.

A prison sentence, he soon learns, is much to be preferred. So he stages a small crime, estimated to produce a one-week sentence——but waits to commit it until he is under the eye of a policeman.

"Caught in the act," he goes contentedly to serve the week, although it is a bitter thought that his only real crime is unemployment.

A police officer's wink and a magistrate's grunt as he leaves the dock tell him that he isn't deceiving anyone. They know his crime was manufactured and that he will be much better off in jail than he would have been in the casual ward—superior food, a larger cell, a more comfortable bed, greater cleanliness, more humane treatment generally.

And he will be a prisoner no longer than he would have been in the casual ward for five nights, because the day of arrest and the day of discharge are counted as part of the sentence.

Earlier in my story I explained how, in the casual ward, the most innocent gesture or word is often construed as a punishable breach of discipline, and how, by repetition of a trivial technical offence against the tyrannical rules, a man can be condemned as a "rogue and vagabond" and imprisoned for two years.

To escape the possibility of this dreadful fate befalling them when they are immobilised in a district for a time by harsh weather, many of the roaming workless make themselves criminals, hoping for jail sentences of one or two months.

Most common method is for a man to wait outside a shop until a policeman approaches. Then he snatches a pair of boots or other goods and, ostentatiously flourishing the articles, walks into the arms of the advancing officer.

That is largely why the nation's crime figures are rocketing and why you, as ratepayers, have to pay more and more for prison services.

So that decent men, made outcasts from their families and homes by unemployment and scouring the country for another chance of livelihood, may escape to jail from the hideous cruelty of the casual wards.

Yes, cruelty that can amount to legalised murder!

Coroners have had reason to be puzzled lately when investigating the deaths of men who have been found ill by the roadside or who have staggered into public hospitals.

Always the cases are those of men who have been tramping, so harried by an inhuman law that they could not stay in any locality long enough to get available work and private shelter.

Exposure and privation take toll in health. Usually, too, the dying men are found to be enfeebled by lack of food.

That is all the coroners learn and it justifies a "Death from Exhaustion" or some such verdict.

I could enlighten them much more.

MORE often than not, the men on whom they hold inquests will have asked for medical attention at the casual wards—*and been refused it.*

Yet, however ill, they will have been required to give a full day of hard toil as the price of their lodging. Then, as is common, the Spike masters will have given them a dose of salts and put them on the road again—to flounder on until they collapse.

I maintain that the poor law, cruel and bad and vague though it is, intends to give the right of medical aid to every destitute person. The authorities outside London and some large provincial centres hold otherwise.

Only the masses of us who are on the road know how terrible and widespread is the consequent tragedy.

After twenty-five years as a tramp, battling daily for existence, I still have more than the usual reserves of stamina.

It was difficult for me, therefore, until a few weeks ago, to throw a challenge to the official policy that the country's half-million workless wayfarers are so many social cyphers—that none of them, however ill, is entitled even to be seen by a doctor.

But this summer, after days of hunger and sleeping out in storm, I fell very sick.

One night I crawled into a casual ward in Gloucestershire and begged for medical care.

My request was received with ridicule.

Next morning, more dead than alive, I was ordered to begin eight hours' heavy toil to compensate the State for my night in a cell.

I protested that I was completely unfit and that a doctor was the only person who could test my statement.

A policeman was sent for and I was arrested for refusing to obey the "lawful command to work."

Two hours later I had to be assisted into the police court dock, but was sentenced to ten days' hard labour.

FIVE minutes after entering jail the prison doctor ordered me to hospital where, in bed, I served the whole sentence!

I tried to appeal against the conviction, so that the higher courts might decide if workless wanderers can ask for help in sickness without automatically being cast into prison.

See what happened.

I was told I would have to produce two sureties of £50. There was no reply when I asked how a tramp could possibly be expected to do so.

Nevertheless, I walked to London where a publisher and author whose names are household words both undertook to assist me.

They gave me a letter to the justices, enclosing their bond.

Back to Gloucestershire I went with their surety It was not accepted! They must, it was said, attend the court personally at their own expense.

I could not, of course, ask my sureties to undergo the inconveniences demanded of them.

So I have lost the first round of the fight for the right of a workless wayfarer in Britain to seek medical succour without being sent to jail—a concession that was given to the galley slaves of ancient Rome.

But I shall not lose the second round. When next I am ill and get sentenced for being so, two of the most eminent jurists in the country will be ready to back me to any lengths in appeals, to the House of Lords if necessary.

Next week—Monte Carlo in the Spike.

THE QUICKEST WAY TO STOP INDIGESTION

is to remove the *cause* of the trouble — excess stomach acid. Recent medical research and X-ray experiments proved that 'Bisurated' Magnesia contains the quickest-acting and most effective antacid and stomach correctives known to medical science.

ECONOMY SIZES 1/3 & 2/6 (POWDER or TABLETS)

All men think the same

VERA: "so then he told me outright what was wrong."
JEAN: "you can't look smart with a shiny nose."
DAISY: "only had a second to make up my face."

Snowfire

POWDER CREAM

Jars or Tubes 6D 3D Handbag Containers

'Snowfire sets hearts afire'

An over-powdered skin is every bit as unattractive as a shiny one. But there is a way to keep a lovely, matt complexion always—even in the brightest sunshine or the stuffiest office. This fragrant powder-cream takes only a few seconds to put on. And it gives your skin a lovely smooth bloom that lasts for hours and hours. In Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, Ivory and Suntan shades.

Cleanse false teeth by new easy method

A new, easy method keeps false teeth stainless, sterilized and fresh. Just put your dentures into a tumbler of water with 'Steradent' powder (follow directions on the tin). This solution penetrates every crevice, removes film and stains, and sterilizes your dentures by its own harmless, active energy. The risk of breaking or bending your plates through handling is prevented. You may put your teeth in 'Steradent' overnight or regularly for 20 minutes while you dress. Dentists recommend 'Steradent' and all chemists sell it in tins 1/- and 1/9d.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 1½d. in stamps for trial supply to Steradent Ltd. (Dept. J.B.212), Kingston Works, Hull.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

The knife slips . . a trifling cut . .

a speck of dirt . . . blood-poisoning . . . months in hospital . . maybe, even amputation!

Why risk it?

Your surest protection against dirt-bred germs is to use Family Health Soap daily

Limping, bandaged, ailing, they come to the hospitals—living warnings of the terrible dangers of dirt-infection! And so often the simplest precautions could have saved them all their suffering. That's why wise mothers make a habit of using simple safeguards. That's why Family Health Soap is the regular soap in countless homes. The antiseptic lather sweeps away the dirt and dirt-bred germs. Make Family Health a habit in your home — make every wash a protection!

FAMILY HEALTH

THE SAFETY SOAP

MAKES EVERY WASH A PROTECTION

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JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1838

HUMANIST'S PAGE

"My boy is all I have.... Shall I let him go?"

Must I Lose My Son?

EVEN if love isn't blind, it is very often short-sighted. This is particularly so in the case of parents' love for their children, as the following letter from a father shows::—

"It is difficult for a man to make a decision which he knows must be irrevocable. I am being asked to make such a decision now.

"Seven years ago, my wife deserted me and our little boy aged three years. He is now a sturdy and bright little chap, and has attracted the interest and affection of a childless couple for whom I occasionally work.

"They have asked me to let them adopt the boy and bring him up as their own. They are comparatively wealthy people, and will be able to give the boy things I can never hope to give him—a public school and university education, a real home, and a first-class start in life.

"Quite frankly, I don't know what to do. I don't want to part with the boy. He is all I've got. But I do want him to have a chance. My wages are under 50s. a week and I have no prospect of earning more.

"I have no home in the real sense; only two rooms, with a woman coming in to do the little cleaning and cooking necessary.

"Ought I to think only of the boy's future and let him go? I know I should miss him terribly, but I can give him nothing, and they can give him everything.

"Perhaps you can help me to come to a decision. I am torn both ways. I don't know what to think or do. Shall I keep him with me or let him go?"

I don't think there is any doubt about the right answer. The father should sacrifice his own feelings for the boy's sake.

If he refuses to do so, the boy may say bitter things in the future when he finds out what he has missed.

Still, it is a sacrifice. The man will be lonely without his son—eventually he will have his reward.

He will be proud of his boy in years to come. At the moment he must take long views. . . .

Here is a letter from a reader on a kindred subject:

"I am a happy mother with a family of six, but there is one thing my husband and I don't agree about.

"I want the boys to learn a trade and the girls to get a good commercial training.

"They have all promised that if I give them their chance in life, they will pay me back. But my husband says that as soon as they are able to work they must take the job that gives them the biggest pay.

"I could manage to give them the training they need, but it would be impossible to save for our old age.

"I want to feel that I have done my best for my children, but I cannot get my husband to see my point of view without a quarrel."

The father intends to put the children into blind-alley occupations. They may earn as soon as they leave school—for two or three years only. After that they will be replaced by other school-leavers and will be thrown on to the unemployment dump.

The policy is short-sighted from every point of view. In planning the lives of young people one has to think not of weeks and months, but of years.

What will these young people be doing when they are twenty-five, thirty-five, and after that?

There is no doubt that the mother's attitude is the sound one.

A YOUNG man has written a long letter about his mother. She is a good mother in many ways; she looks after him well; sees to it that he is well fed and clothed; but she won't let him live his own life.

He is earning fairly good money, but his mother appears to think of him solely in terms of his earning capacity. He feels that there should be more in life than merely making money.

He has other interests—music, intelligent conversation, friends of both sexes; but these are a "waste of time."

"Some people seem to be able to do their work just for the sake of wages," he writes, "and while I recognise the necessity for money and how little can be done without it, this living for dull work and wages gets me down.

"Last year I had two girl friends. In each case I was told by my mother and also by her friends that I ought not to be thinking of young ladies at my age.

"Now I want to get away, the same people say they wish I had a young lady to keep me at home! Can you beat it?

"Unless I can find peace of mind and some change of position, I feel I shall end up an emotional wreck. I just ache for friendship.

"My letter is a jumble and I fear it will be hard to understand. Please give me a straight talking-to if you think I need it, but do try to help me over my difficulties. I feel thwarted. . . ."

The young man's trouble is that he has imagination and cannot settle down to do a meaningless job for the sake of wages alone.

He wants to feel that he is doing something worth while. He has ambitions; he wants to soar.

His mother is like a hard-working hen that has accidentally hatched a young eagle! She wants him to scratch and peck in the farmyard when he wants to fly.

His circumstances are too narrow. He feels a prisoner.

All his depression and moodiness are due to this thwarted feeling. There are many other young men who feel very much the same.

Their parents completely fail to understand what is wrong and accuse them of ingratitude.

They want to do big things, to live adventurously and dangerously, and they are compelled to accept work in an office or a workshop to live a bread-and-butter existence.

One word of warning should be given, however. Vague desires to "do big things" are useless unless they are accompanied by great ability and a determination to succeed.

Tens of thousands of young people have these vague desires, but have no special genius or driving power. The sooner they recognise the truth about themselves the better.

THEY must grow up. They must realise that there are no magic carpets and no Aladdin's lamps nowadays. Things don't happen like that except in daydreams.

We have to fight to win success. Mere wishing gets one nowhere. But it can make the daydreamer terribly discontented.

Another reader who is worried about his children's future:—

"Briefly, the position is this: My wages are only £2 16s. a week, and I have a wife and five children to provide for.

"My three eldest children have all won scholarships and are attending the County High School.

"In all three cases I signed an agreement to keep them there till they were 16 years of age, knowing perfectly well what I was committing myself to; but now, as they are growing and needing more food, I find it impossible to provide for them.

"Should I be doing wrong to let the eldest boy get a job—thereby breaking my agreement and incurring a penalty of £5—in order to keep the home going and keeping the two younger ones at school?

"Or should I be guilty of a greater wrong by keeping all three at school knowing all the time that I could not give them sufficient food? Can you help me to decide."

IT is important to give the three boys the best possible education, but education means something more than the passing of examinations.

Mental fitness cannot be won at the expense of physical fitness.

I am reminded of what I heard a college professor say to a student who was overworking badly: "What is the use of getting an M.A. degree to put on your coffin?"

Well, things are not as desperate as that. But I don't like the idea of one boy's being sacrificed to the other two. It seems so unjust.

Self-sacrifice may be very noble indeed, but it is wrong to sacrifice somebody else.

I suggest a family council. One of the three boys may volunteer to forgo his higher education; in fact, he may prefer to go to work at once. But there should be no compulsion about it.

The father is not thinking of himself at all. He simply wants to do what is best for the three lads. His choice is between short rations and education for all or better food and education for two.

I suggest a family conference because boys have plenty of common-sense and a strict sense of fair-play.

They will probably all volunteer to "stand out," and at the same time refuse to let another suffer for their advantage.

In that case they will all share and share alike.

And this, after all, is fair to everybody.

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, London Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them. Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

RHEUMATISM

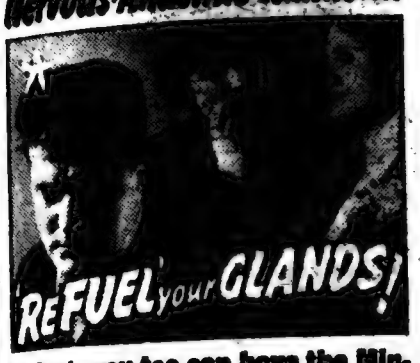
Crippled at 73—active at 74!

What man or woman past 70, crippled by Rheumatism and having to be carried up and down stairs, would expect ever again to be free and active?

The case of Mrs. Doherty, of Greenock, shows the remarkable results that have made Fynnon Salt famous. "I met with a serious accident," writes Mrs. Doherty, "and was laid up 11 weeks with a fractured hip. The doctor told me I would be troubled with Rheumatism and so I was for over a year. I could not walk and they had to carry me upstairs. But thank goodness for the Fynnon Salt cure. Thanks to Fynnon I can get about all right now, and I was 74 on the 5th of May."

The chief of the mineral elements which have made certain Spas world-famous—Sodium, Potassium and Lithium—are concentrated in Fynnon Salt. A teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water daily rinses away the fierce acids and toxins, loosens joints and muscles and brings a new lease of supple health. This is Nature's greatest anti-Rheumatic treatment. Large tins 1/3, from all Chemists.

★ Many never suspect why they are Depressed Nervous Anæmic Run-down



At last, you too can have the Minerals and Vitamins which bring you new Health, Vigour, Strength, Calm Nerves, Rich Red Blood.

Up till now only the rich could afford the money and time to take these glandular refuelling treatments of costly Mineral and Vitamin extracts. But at last the discovery of a Pacific Ocean plant makes them just as available to **you** as they were to the rich; because this plant which grows in abundance in the Pacific Ocean is the richest known source of 9 out of the 12 life-giving Minerals as well as Vitamins demanded by the human glands.

There is no costly extraction process; the whole plant is simply concentrated into a tablet and known all over the world as "Vikelp." It contains in easily assimilable form **Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus, Copper, Sodium, Potassium, Magnesium, Manganese, Sulphur, Food Iodine,** and the important Vitamins, especially Vitamin B.

Refuel your glands by replacing these Minerals and Vitamins as soon as you begin to feel low, nervy, listless. At once your glandular secretions start to flow normally, you become vigorous, vital, alive. You feel new life surging through your whole being . . . every part of your body feels strong. Your nerves calm — your eyes sparkle. Rheumatism, anæmia, stomach troubles are immediately relieved. You teem with new-found life. You make yourself and others happy.

IF IN DOUBT this is your guarantee — take "Vikelp" Brand Mineral-Vitamin Tablets for 10 days. If you feel that it has not done all that we told you, merely send back the carton, your money will be refunded. Start "Vikelp" today.

Prices: 1/9d. Test Size — 3/6d. ten-day Guarantee Size — 6/9d. Economy Size — 17/6d. Hospital Size.

VIKELP MINERAL-VITAMIN TABLETS

NOTICE TO VIKELP USERS

Vikelp Tablets are now sold in a SMALL CONCENTRATED TASTELESS FORM for SWALLOWING as well as large Eating Tablets

YOUR CHEMIST HAS BOTH

ITCHING FEET AND TOES

RELIEVED AT ONCE.

Never neglect itching between the toes with red, raw, cracked dead-white skin with tiny blisters—this condition may lead to more serious troubles. Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX relieves the itching, prevents the spread of the disease, and kills the fungi that cause it. From all Chemists, Dr. Scholl's Depots. 3/- per jar.

Dr Scholl's Solvex

LIVER, KIDNEY & STOMACH TROUBLES

If you are suffering agonising days and sleepless nights, what can be more encouraging to you than to read of the marvellous recovery of Mr. Moore, Roby, Liverpool, who writes:—"One of the worst victims of Stomach trouble for 8 years, I have been X-rayed 10 times. I suffered agony, could not sleep. I tried most medicines without success, but Vitadatio is a really wonderful remedy. Before, I could not eat—food was a dread. Now I can eat and sleep. Life is worth living." To-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- & 5/- per bottle, or per post (6d. extra in U.K.) From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** L.M. 121

CATARRH-NOSES

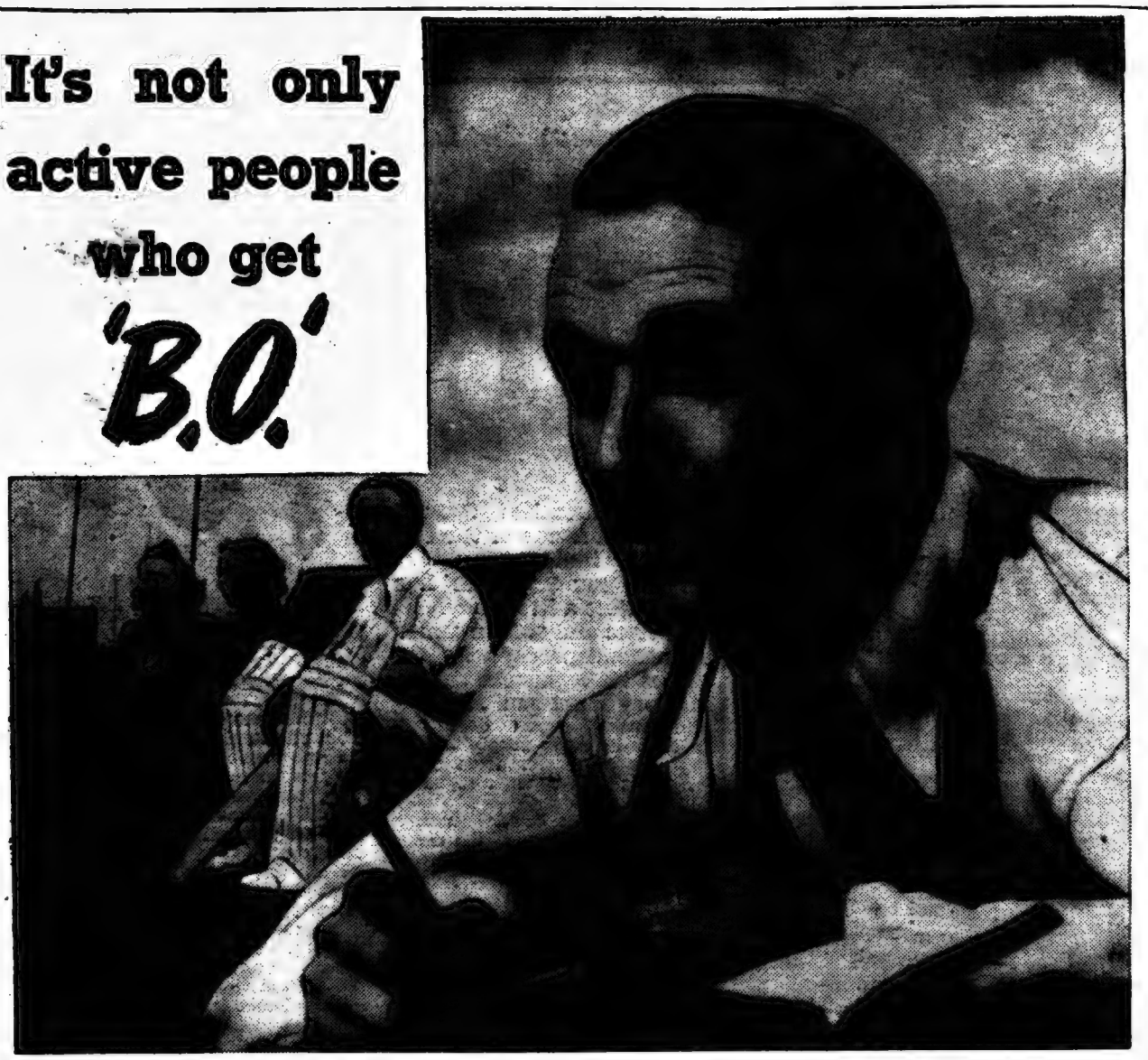
Clean out poisonous mucus. Banish Catarrh

NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy stops Catarrh. Instantly clears out Nose, Clears Head, Throat, Chest. Brings away the germ-laden mucus that is poisoning you. "NOSTROLINE" soothes Soreness. Heals Inflammation. Ends Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu; relieves Head Noises, Catarrhal-Deafness. Insist on "NOSTROLINE" and take nothing else. 1/3 at all Chemists.

NOSTROLINE

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.85, Bristol, 8.

It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'

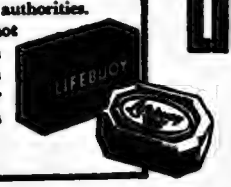


Four! Oh, lovely drive, sir! That's fifty up. Hardly an energetic pursuit, watching cricket; yet all the time you're perspiring.

It's nothing to be ashamed of—we all perspire, as much as a pint and a half every day medical authorities tell us. Some of this perspiration evaporates on reaching the surface of the skin. But you must remove it ALL—and remove it quickly—if you want to prevent what remains from going stale and setting up 'B.O.'

You need Lifebuoy Toilet Soap to protect you! Its full invigorating lather, with the antiseptic health element, penetrates deep into the pores, dealing with all impurities, all stale perspiration. You'll find a bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap so refreshing. Have one regularly and *know* you're safe from 'B.O.'

About 1½ pints of perspiration are expelled from the average person's system daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities. They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.



LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

prevents **"B.O."** *(body-odour)*

A *LEVER* PRODUCT LBT 428-304-68

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR *ended in 3 minutes*

Without Razors, Electric Needles Or Smelly Depilatories

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface*. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, 1/3 and 2/6. Trial size 6d.

PILES Are Wonderfully Relieved by Zam-Buk

"I got no peace from the pain and itching of piles. Many a night I hardly had any sleep. But when I used Zam-Buk this grand ointment was wonderfully soothing. It also ended the piles completely and made life worth living again." Mrs. A. O., Weybridge.

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? Use Zam-Buk, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications. Use Zam-Buk regularly and be on the road to recovery. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

For Inward PILES

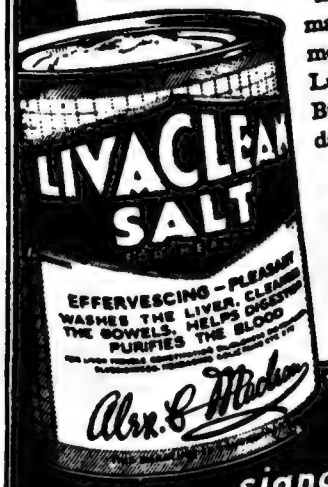
In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

IT KEEPS MY LIVER LIVELY
IT KEEPS MY LIVER KEEN
I TAKE IT EVERY MORNING
IT'S GRAND —
THIS "LIVACLEAN"

How would *you* like to feel brimful of energy, bright and cheerful from getting-up till bed-time? All you need do is to wake up your lazy liver with a daily glass of refreshing, sparkling "Livaclean" Salt. It not only works—it works marvels! Remember, this latest health salt, sold under the trade mark "Livaclean," is made in the famous Maclean Laboratories. Buy a tin today.

Price 9d. per tin. Double size economy tin 1/4.



see the signature
IT'S MADE BY MACLEANS

DID NOT SLEEP for 19 YEARS

From Rumania comes the extraordinary story of a man who has not slept for over 19 years. Literally a "Martyr to Insomnia" this unfortunate man was struck senseless in a bombing raid, and ever since has been a complete stranger to sleep.

Many other similar curious and little known facts about unusual diseases are revealed in a fascinating article in the July "Armchair Science" now on sale everywhere. From all over the world "Armchair Science" presents the latest discoveries of scientists, engineers and explorers, explained in simple, non-technical language. The 100-page July issue contains 28 articles and features, 42 photographs, diagrams and drawings. Don't miss **The Truth About Yourself! World's End in 1965? Radio Tracks £5,000 Gold Hoard,** etc. etc. Get your copy to-day!

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE • 6D.

EXPERT WITNESS—No. 4

A Series about Civilian Crime-fighters.

The FORGER'S FOE

Colonel Mansfield

BURLY, moustached Colonel Mansfield is one of the two leading handwriting experts in the country. He has made his subject a life study.

His soft voice and quiet manner belie a tremendous capacity for work. Often he begins the day in his laboratory at six a.m. . . .

The handwriting expert does not spend his time—as many people believe—reading your character from your signature. His work is altogether different.

He may be asked to decide whether two signatures were written by the same man; if different pages from a given document are written on similar paper; the age of certain ink-writing.

Faked wills, cheques with erasures, forged passports, cooked accounts, "restored" engravings and stamps all come to him for examination.

Frequently the question arises: What has been erased from this or that particular document?

It was a pivot point in the Clarkson case at the Old Bailey, when two men were accused of forging and uttering a will.

There was a typewritten letter from Clarkson which supported the benefit to one of the accused.

Colonel Mansfield examined this letter and found that the signature was genuine, but the rest of the letter had been forged.

ULTRA-VIOLET photography showed that the original of this letter was a handwritten note signed by Clarkson. The actual ink-writing above the genuine signature had been erased and the typewritten message substituted.

The will also revealed similar peculiarities under ultra-violet light.

I was in court during the trial, and heard Colonel Mansfield explain the odd process by which Clarkson's signature had been forged upside down. . . .

"If I write it the right way up, I incorporate many of my own characteristics that would be little tell-tales that I was the writer. If I have it upside down, I simply copy strokes, not letters. Therefore it is much easier to exclude my own characteristics. . . ."

Nine times out of ten Colonel Mansfield can tell whether a signature has been forged without even seeing a second signature for comparison.

There are several obvious flaws. Inevitably, the forger hesitates and lifts the pen to correct the direction of the pen stroke. Then, without any necessity for legibility, he patches and retouches.

The free, smooth flow of the pen is lacking. He betrays at every turn the close attention of mind on the act of writing.

Normally, signatures are forged by copying from a model, but some people, knowing little of forgery, actually try to imitate signatures by tracing.

They may do it remarkably well. In one case the forger was astonishingly accurate.

During his trial they found the letter from which the forged signature had been traced. Enlarging both of them eight-fold, Colonel Mansfield proceeded to fit the top half of the forged signature to the bottom half of the genuine. They fitted perfectly.

Since genuine signatures always show some slight divergences from one another, it was obviously a forgery.

The work of the handwriting expert is sometimes held up to ridicule. There are one or two classic cases where innocent men have gone to prison—through, it is alleged, the evidence of handwriting experts.

Examine these cases closely and you will find that the facts are far removed from the stories circulated.

Few people understand the precise circumstances of the famous Beck case, for instance. Everyone supposes that Beck was convicted and sent to prison through faulty handwriting evidence.

Beck was accused of having swindled a number of women. They held two identity parades, during which ten of the women picked out Beck as the man without hesitation. At the Old Bailey these ten women swore, under oath, that Beck was the man who had swindled them.

It was this evidence which really decided the issue, not the handwriting evidence.

Later it was found that Smith—who had a scar on his neck similar to Beck's—was the real culprit.

There are several similar cases where the judge and jury did not rely upon the work of the handwriting expert. Other facts decided the issue.

The work of the handwriting expert requires endless patience and resource. There are hardly two cases alike, hardly two cases dealt with in the same manner.

The writing of every individual varies on different occasions, and the identity of two letters is not proved by a list of similarities. **That can only be established by the absence of dissimilarities.**

There was one amusing case when Mr. Justice Hawkins crossed swords with the expert Netherfield.

During cross-examination he gave Netherfield six slips of paper with different types of handwriting.

"I can see, Mr. Hawkins," said Netherfield, "what you are going to try to do. You want to put me in a hole."

"I do, Mr. Netherfield, and if you are ready for the hole tell me, were those pieces of paper written by one hand about the same time?"

Netherfield concentrated over the slips for some while. Then he said: "No, they were written at different times by different hands."

"Now, Netherfield, you are in the hole. . . . I wrote them myself this morning, at this desk!"

Handwriting investigation has changed considerably since that episode. No expert to-day would hazard such a definite statement without longer and more scientific analysis.

HE would want to subject the strips to all manner of tests.

Documentary investigation was then in its infancy, and has developed enormously since. . . .

Colonel Mansfield has brought it very near to a successful science. None the less, he admits that there are certain gentlemen amongst handwriting experts who have not sufficient experience of their subject.

In the English courts it is very rare for justice to miscarry through faulty handwriting evidence. Under cross-examination the evidence of the ill-informed expert can be pulled to pieces. It is quite true, again, that occasionally two high-class experts differ. They may both have found and established the same facts from the disputed documents, but it is the deductions from those facts which can introduce differences.

There are border-line cases, too, where it becomes extremely difficult to explain the facts revealed by the microscope.

Whenever doubt arises, the judge and jury decide the issue on facts apart from the handwriting expert's evidence.

Handwriting clues have played an important part in tracking down I.R.A. conspirators.

RECENTLY the police read and photographed an address on the blank page of an exercise book. The page with the actual writing had been torn out, but the second page still carried a very faint impression.

By means of oblique photography they succeeded in reproducing the slight indentations. . . .

"A wonderful piece of photography," Mr. Justice Humphreys commented. "The book looks to have a perfectly blank page."

The son of a bridge builder, Colonel Mansfield, dabbles in time-tables and maps as a side-line. For years he was connected with various railway undertakings and became the British delegate to the Inter-Allied Military Railway Commission in Germany.

Recently he has produced a new kind of camera for handwriting work. It cost him eight years' intensive research, but the results made it worth while.

The camera can take stereo-micrograms which show not only the horizontal and vertical extent of what has been written, correctly magnified, but also the depth, in greatly increased magnification.

The smallest distinctive features of any writing stand out like sturdy branches. Tiny fibres become giant antennæ.

To-day the handwriting expert witness has broken down the doubt and confusion which once surrounded his work.

He is not the complete scientist, but he bases his conclusions on scientific fact.

THE LAST CIGARETTE

"I was tired after a busy day at work, and was having my good-night cigarette when I must have fallen asleep. I woke at 3 a.m. to find the bedclothes in flames."

This is the dramatic letter sent to "John Bull" by Mr. Payne, of 127, Mayesglas Grove, Newport, Monmouthshire.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE

As Mr. Payne is one of our registered readers, "John Bull" was quick to respond with a generous cheque, which was sent to him under the exclusive Fire Section of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

WIFE'S LETTER

Then it was Mr. Payne's wife's turn to write:

"Many thanks for your promptness and interest regarding our loss sustained recently by fire. Until now, I can only say that I have been rather sceptical of Free Insurance, but the way you have dealt with our case has banished my doubts completely. Wishing 'John Bull' every further success."

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

"John Bull" is the *Only Paper in the World* to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest, and to pay Sickness Benefit. Numerous Accident Benefits are also incorporated in "John Bull's" Insurance Gift.

£475 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week, alone "John Bull" distributed £475 14s. 3d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:

Household & Sickness Benefits	£198	14	3
Accident Benefits—Adults	£95	0	0
Children's Accidents ...	£182	0	0
	£475	14	3

MORE READERS WRITE TO "JOHN BULL"

Here are just a few more of the numerous letters received from readers in appreciation of the timely help rendered by our Free Family Insurance Gift:

"A REAL HELP"

"Your letter and enclosed cheque received yesterday, for which many thanks. I would like to thank you for the prompt and businesslike way in which this claim was dealt with. It was a real help to us."

J. W. G., Middlesbrough.

"MOST GRATEFUL"

"Thank you very much for the cheque, which will help me to get a home together again. I am going to register in 'John Bull' again as soon as I get settled in my new house. I am most grateful for what you have done."

A. W., Newbury.

"MOST WELCOME"

"Thanks very much for your cheque. I assure you it was most welcome and am thankful I registered with 'John Bull.'"

E. P., Hindley.

"JOHN BULL" KEEPS ITS PROMISE

"I desire to thank you most sincerely for the cheque safely received and to say how very much I appreciate the courtesy given by your representative, the honourable settlement arrived at and, in conclusion, the prompt payment. Both my wife and myself are proud to have proved that 'John Bull' will keep its promise.

"Wishing your paper every success and once again thanking you."

F. J. W., Bournemouth.

If you have not yet registered for this great Security Gift—do so AT ONCE on the Forms below.

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 22/7/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 22/7/39.

1/- PACKETS

Guaranteed original standard blend..

LLOYDS'

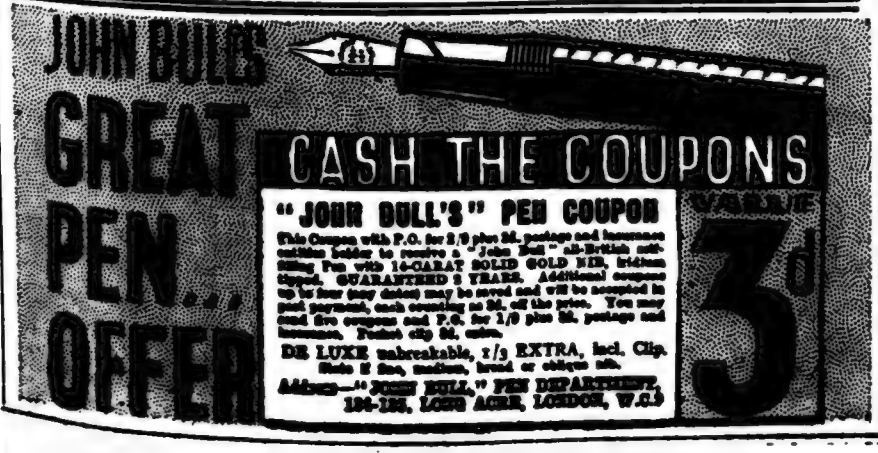
BONDMAN

RICH DARK VIRGINIA

Also available in 1 oz. vacuum tins . . . . . at 1/1D PER OZ. TIN

Bondman Empire Blend in 1 oz. vacuum tins at 11½D PER OZ. TIN

Richard Lloyd & Sons, (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.) Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1


JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four may be used and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 2d. extra.
DE LUXE unbreakable, 2/9 EXTRA, incl. Clip. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.
Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 122-124, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
CASH THE COUPONS
3d

If you're looking for

FURNITURE BARGAINS

Send for these FREE CATALOGUES

HOME lovers should make a point of getting copies of free Catalogues of Furnishing and other Bargains offered in Jay's Sale. Details of Jay's 3-way protection are given in a booklet entitled "Tranquility." A new natural colour photography catalogue is also well worth having; a piano catalogue can also be obtained. Simply write, mentioning "John Bull," to Jay's Furnishing Stores, Dept. J.B., 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1, for any or all of these catalogues.

CROSSWORD No. 163.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON pages 36 and 37 is presented the 163rd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy? then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, August 10, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly BLOTPROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 37. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the lump sum of £1,250 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Competitors' Help by "Compex"

1st Shot—1st Prize!

If you have a question to ask, or an opinion to express about competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

IF every *Bullet* entered is carefully examined by a judge, as you state, why doesn't somebody win with his first attempt? One is apt to get the impression that you have to try for years before winning a big prize.—A. C. B., Gabalfa, Cardiff.

It is only natural that practice in expressing thoughts in a few words enables competitors to make better *Bullets*, and consequently win the big prizes. But entrants new to the contests can and do score big successes: a Durham miner, Mr. S. C. Bird, won First Prize with his excellent first attempt, ACROSS THE STREET—I STROLLED, I'M TOLD!

Keep Copies

Can you tell me where I go wrong in Crosswords? I follow the rules and work out the puzzles carefully, but so far have met with no success. I know that I can trust JOHN BULL, so do not bother to keep copies of my entries for checking.—J. J. O., Wolverhampton.

Your request is rather a tall order, but I would not be surprised if you have told me in your last sentence the reason why you have failed. Keep copies of your entries and the clues. Then, when the winning square appears, go over the puzzle carefully.

If you can see why you went wrong there is a far better prospect of being right next time. You will find it a help, when thus checking up, to have at hand the Adjudication Committee's own reasons for their decisions. These are published every week in the Crossword Gazette.

"Bullets" Illustrated:
Her People—"Peeped In"—Luggage Followed!

Weymouth Winners

I have always thought that the majority of prizes go to the big towns. Precious little comes to Weymouth. However, I'm only a plodder.—M. N., Weymouth.

If you asked anyone who attends the Gloucester Street Congregational Church, you'd hear that the Minister, the Rev. R. L. Jones, won a *Bullets* Life Pension a few months ago.

Two Glasgow Views

Your *Bullets* Competitions have corrupted the soul of the nation. The winning efforts are a jumble of inane balderdash.—"Wise Parent," Glasgow.

As an old "Bulleteer," who has enjoyed his hobby for over twenty-six years, I am often struck by the homely truths expressed in the winners.—W. J., Grafton Street, Glasgow.

If "Wise Parent" will send me his name and address, I will invite his fellow reader to communicate with him. As one Glasgow man to another, W. J. might give "Wise Parent" some sound advice!

Blind Competitors

Would anyone whose failing sight prevented him from filling in *Bullets* coupons or Crossword squares, but who was able to sign his name, be entitled to prizes for his efforts if they merited them?—E. H., Coventry.

Yes. I recall a brave North London invalid, bedridden and almost blind. She memorised a few Examples, made up her efforts, which her daughter entered for her—and won First Prize.

Scrutiny Costs

In my opinion the £5 Scrutiny Fee required for such claims in JOHN BULL'S Crosswords is not fair: few competitors can spare this sum.—M. G., Cheetham, Manchester.

Scrutiny Fee required for JOHN BULL'S Crosswords is £1, not £5. To conduct a scrutiny is a costly matter and experience has proved that it is necessary to require a fee as evidence of good faith.

What's Wrong

"Try, try again" is a maxim I've tried to follow in *Bullets*, but without success. Do you think my efforts lack in drama, pathos or humour? What about FIT AS A FIDDLE—"LETTUS BE-AT-ROOTS OVER AGAIN," or SEASIDE MUSICIAN—OUR YEARLY "CANNED" TA-TA? — T. W., Langhor, Blackburn.

What you lack is obvious—understanding of what a winning *Bullet* should be. Compare these freaks of yours with this week's winners and model your next efforts on the same sensible lines.

Talking Them Over

Am I right in thinking that each member of the Crossword Adjudication Committee has his own idea of aptness and accuracy? If so, how does the Committee decide on the winning answers to the Clues?—"Puzzled," Birmingham.

Certainly, as individuals, the adjudicators have their own opinions. Meeting in committee, they express their views frankly and it is this exchange of opinions that enables the merits of all answers used to be fully considered.

Meaning Matters Most

I was disappointed not to get a prize for my *Bullet*, "YOU COWARD!"—MOANS SONNY—MEANS SONNY. Only one letter changed, as in a recent First Prize effort. I do think it was worth something.—W. A. R., Kimmage, Dublin.

You were right to take care about phrasing, but I think you let your zeal for word-play allow you to overlook clarity of meaning.

First Prize Free

Does a *Bullet* entered free with the requisite Crossword entry of 1s. or more have the same prospect of winning as a paid entry? Should such an entry be addressed to *Bullets* or Crosswords?—J. W., Bath.

Only a few weeks ago a Liverpool man won *Bullets* 1,170th First Prize with a free coupon. With both *Bullets* and Crosswords announcements you will find directions for posting combined entries.

This page is for the assistance of competitors generally. Accordingly, although (as on this page) I may sometimes be able to help several competitors by mentioning an individual *Bullet*, I cannot provide criticisms upon request, either on this page or by post.

STEWARDS CUP

TO BE RUN AT GOODWOOD ON TUESDAY NEXT JULY 25

COPE'S GUARANTEE FULL MARKET PRICES

for STEWARDS' CUP Commissions postmarked not later than Sunday, July 23rd, or telegraphed or telephoned not later than Noon, Monday, July 24th. Commissions sent after the above times will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns, as desired.

THE RACEGOER'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA & DIARY, compiled by well-known racing experts to help the backer, is issued by Cope's exclusively as a service to their clients, and a FREE copy is sent to new clients on receipt of their first bet.

RESERVATION FORM

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account and reserve for me a FREE copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopaedia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

Name _____ JB. 966

Address _____ Suggested Weekly Credit £

Town _____ County _____

DAVID COPE Ltd. Ludgate Circus London E.C.4

Race with "Silver Ring"

Practice to be Stopped!

SHOULD the Jockey Club Stewards permit the practice of giving a two-year-old an "airing" in public for the sake of experience, no serious effort being made to win this preliminary race?

The practice is by no means uncommon, and many owners and trainers of repute do not consider that it contravenes the spirit of the sport.

There may be something to be said in extenuation of the procedure. In the novel and exciting atmosphere of the racecourse, a highly strung young horse is quite likely to forget all the lessons he has been taught on the training ground. With the colours on, and a crowd lining the rails, he may well prove awkward at the starting-gate, get left a few lengths and run "green."

These are initiation hazards that are not accepted by the betting stables. First time out, their two-year-old may be the mount of an "unfashionable" jockey, have no quotation in the market and run nowhere. Next time, however, a different story has to be told. A well-known jockey is in the saddle, and from the moment that betting commences it is clear to everyone on the course that business is meant. The result, usually, is that the horse romps home a winner.

These manœuvres do not deceive any of the regular racegoers. They can read the market signs and they row in when the stable bets.

But the stay-at-home backer feels he has a grievance, and I can heartily sympathise. Imagine his chagrin when this winner turns up—a winner which hopelessly flouts the book of form.

For my part, I think that the Stewards should take appropriate action to stamp out the practice of "running a bye" with two-year-olds.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 20, to Wednesday, July 26:—

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

S9398FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

CONSTIPATION KEEPS A CHILD BACK

Unless the bowels move regularly your child will be weakly, peevish, dull and stunted. So if your child is constipated, attend to it without delay. But be careful what you give, because purging weakens a child and leaves the bowels more bound than ever.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs,' because they know that to cure constipation you must use a liquid laxative so that you can regulate the dose as the bowels act naturally. You should never give strong purgatives to children.

Give your children a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' and see how they love it, how it helps them to grow and thrive. Be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size).

Germoloids soothe the smarting, irritating cold "burning" stop.
Germoloids heal broken tissues and protect sensitive linings!
Germoloids are antiseptic, protecting you against infection.

PILES ENDED!

Dear Sirs: Only those who suffered from that most miserable, distressing and weakening complaint bleeding piles—can appreciate the feeling of ease, comfort and well-being which follows the use of Germoloids. By their application I have lessened bleeding overnight and stopped it and its ensuing discomfort in 24 hours.
W. G. Greenock.

YOU, too, should try this wonderful New INTERNAL TREATMENT for PILES and experience how wonderful it is to be free from that constant nagging, indescribably tormenting affliction! Get yourself a box of GERMOLOIDS TO-DAY!

Germoloids

From Chemists, 1/3 per box

Right for the job . .

If your taste is for a full bodied smoke you'll find "Digger" 'right for the job.' And whether you prefer a Flake, Shag or Mixture, the pick of Empire Leaf and the name Player are there to ensure a grand smoke at an economical price. 'DIGGER' HAS A LARGER SALE THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO.

PLAYER'S
DIGGER
TOBACCOS

Player's Digger Tobaccos are also sold in packets of 34 to the 1-lb. AT 4½d. PER PACKET.

9½d AN OZ

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEYDEW

P.D.73

CAPENSIS
THE THRIFTY THREEPENNY ROLL

300 SHEETS OF TOILET PAPER
GUARANTEED 100% PURE & crinkled for extra softness

BUYS THIS MONSTER ROLL FOR THE THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

"BULLETS" 1,177 RESULT

(Continued from page 39)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH :

P. BARNETT, 65, Woodstock Gardens, Blackpool.
Under The Swastika—Just How Motorist Feels!

T. CAIN, 14, Windsor Drive, Broughton, Preston, Lancs.
When Dad Tried Rowing—Coastguard Reported Helicopter Down!

Mrs. P. FRANKLIN, 15, Deloraine Street, Deptford, S.E.
He's Always Grumbling, But—Fields Of Corn "Smiling."

P. GEE, 4, Dargle Road, Sale, Manchester.
When Dad Tried Rowing—Burst Coat—Cursed Boat!

Mrs. E. C. GOLDSBROUGH, "Glol," Coast Road, Blackhall Rocks, Co. Durham.
He's Always Grumbling, But—" England Expects " *That*, Too!

H. GREEN, "Rindleford," 24, Chetwynd Road, Wolverhampton, Staffs.
When Hitler's On Holiday—In "Eyrie," Coups "Hatched."

A. MELLOR, 35, Gorton Road, Openshaw, Manchester.
Under The Swastika—Taught, Nothing "Above It."

S. REASTON, 11, Borough Road, Bridlington, Yorks.
Helped Him—Climb Ladder, "Upstairs, Sonny!"

Miss D. SWIFT, 34, High Street, Penistone, nr. Sheffield.
What The Umpire Said—" Out *Next* Time, Squire! "

H. TURNER, 36, Albion Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
When Dad Tried Rowing—" Old Man *In* River."

Regain YOUTH and VITALITY

By taking PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast your Health and Strength can safely and surely be restored. The treatment brings a marvellous transformation, but to get full benefit, PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast should be taken regularly. You'll soon feel a different man or woman, and if you suffer from Indigestion, "Nerves," Rheumatism or Neuritis, these troubles will soon disappear . . . By taking PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, men and women become TWICE AS FIT and feel YEARS YOUNGER.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast contains the whole series of the life-giving B-Vitamins in rich abundance. Besides increasing the Nutritive Value of your food, these Vitamins stimulate Glandular activity in Nature's Own Way. PHILLIPS is perfectly safe for all ages and *not habit-forming*...In small, handy tablets.

All Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/- Vest-pocket size . . 6d.

Contains NO DRUG

Phillips TONIC YEAST

SHILLING VALUE FOR 6D.

132 PAGES • OVER 40 ARTICLES & FEATURES

including :—

CAN WE BEAT THE JAPS?
HITLER'S DANCING GIRL
PLAN TO SAVE THE WORLD
HOLLAND KEEPS HER POWDER DRY
WE'RE BUILDING A NEW WORLD (J. B. PRIESTLEY)
GERMANY WANTS ONLY REVENGE
GUIDE TO MODERN WICKEDNESS (C. E. M. JOAD)
DICTATOR WITHOUT ENEMIES
LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND
ARE YOU A FOOD "DRUNKARD"?
THE INVINCIBLE RED ARMY
THEIR MAJESTIES DRESS FOR YOU
SNATCHING MONEY FROM THE SWASTIKA
ETC., ETC.

ROOSEVELT CONFESSES!

★ Franklin Delano Roosevelt—America's most criticised and best loved President, contributes to the August "Parade" the fascinating story of his indomitable fight to bring the U.S.A. back to prosperity.

This dominating personality in world affairs of today, lifts with characteristic fearlessness, the cloak of mystery that surrounds him, discloses frankly and simply, the motives behind the moves that have shaken present-day America. This outstanding article, one of over 40 features, is typical of the stimulating, up-to-the-minute contents of "Parade." From all over the world come "Parade's" thought-provoking articles, condensed for quick and easy reading. In its 132 brilliantly written pages, "Parade" tells you each month what is happening in Europe, the Far East, America—what famous people are saying—enables you to get a clear understanding of world affairs, of the questions of the day—of what the rest of the world, in every walk of life, is thinking—a shilling magazine for only sixpence.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE NOW!

PARADE

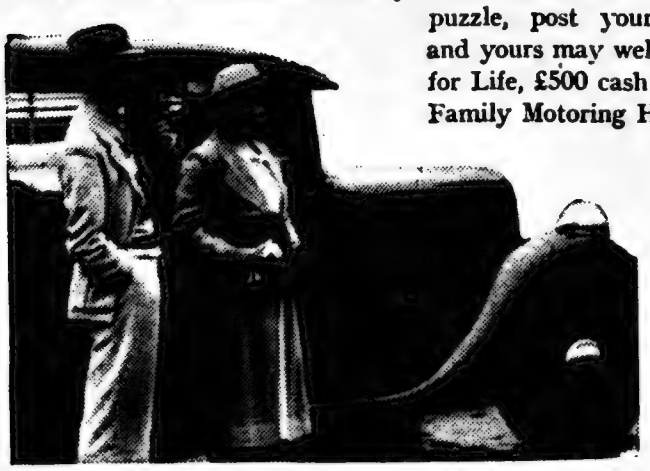
THE BRITISH DIGEST OF GOOD READING

Win £10 MONTHLY
ONE WEEK ONLY
TO POST YOUR ENTRY FOR 'JOHN BULL'S'
HUGE 3-in-1 HOLIDAY PRIZE
£1,350 LUMP SUM FIRST PRIZE IF PREFERRED BY WINNER
Closing Postmark FRI. JULY 28

SHE WON PENSION, £500 and HOLIDAY

THE 99th outright winner in " John Bull's " common-sense Crosswords was Mrs. F. M. Massey, a Lancashire mill-worker, whom you see here with her husband, enjoying a Motoring Holiday in Devonshire. This was her free celebration of capturing a Life Pension and £500 in Crossword No. 152.

This week comes *your* final opportunity of the season to capture outright a huge one-week Holiday Prize. Start now on this fascinating puzzle, post your entry in time and yours may well be £10 Monthly for Life, £500 cash and a 1,000-mile Family Motoring Holiday!



YOU CAN BE NEXT!

ACROSS CLUES

1. When one backs on racecourse, good price on it is likely
2. Employer may have to take it from bad workman
5. One is sometimes advertised for in newspaper
6. Be in debt
7. Heavy cord used on ship may be
8. Average man finds he gets this if he bets on racecourse
9. Riders will probably jolt up and down when these race along roads
15. It may be worth while to have big one in gymnasium
19. A man likes to have one when his day's work is done
20. Imitate
22. Brush is frequently used for
23. Cracking one may help smash-and-grab raider to get away with swag

DOWN CLUES

1. Likely to do well in field
3. Needy
4. It's easy to tell that a flat is this
10. Average countryman knows just how to handle one
11. Old tramp doesn't worry much about
12. Manufacturers are only too glad to find customers who want to buy in this
13. Strip of lawn may be kept for one
14. Camera lenses are often adjusted by
16. There's sometimes trouble when one is wound up
17. Big one may make it very easy for burglar to get over high wall
18. It's not nice to be this when visitors arrive
20. Swiss mountain
21. Bargain hunters in stores are very frequently attracted by

CLOSING POSTMARK—FRIDAY, JULY 28

Read these Rules—Terms and Conditions on page 33

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted; two squares allowed FREE with each six paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, July 28, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, July 29.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, August 10. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 15, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication established these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

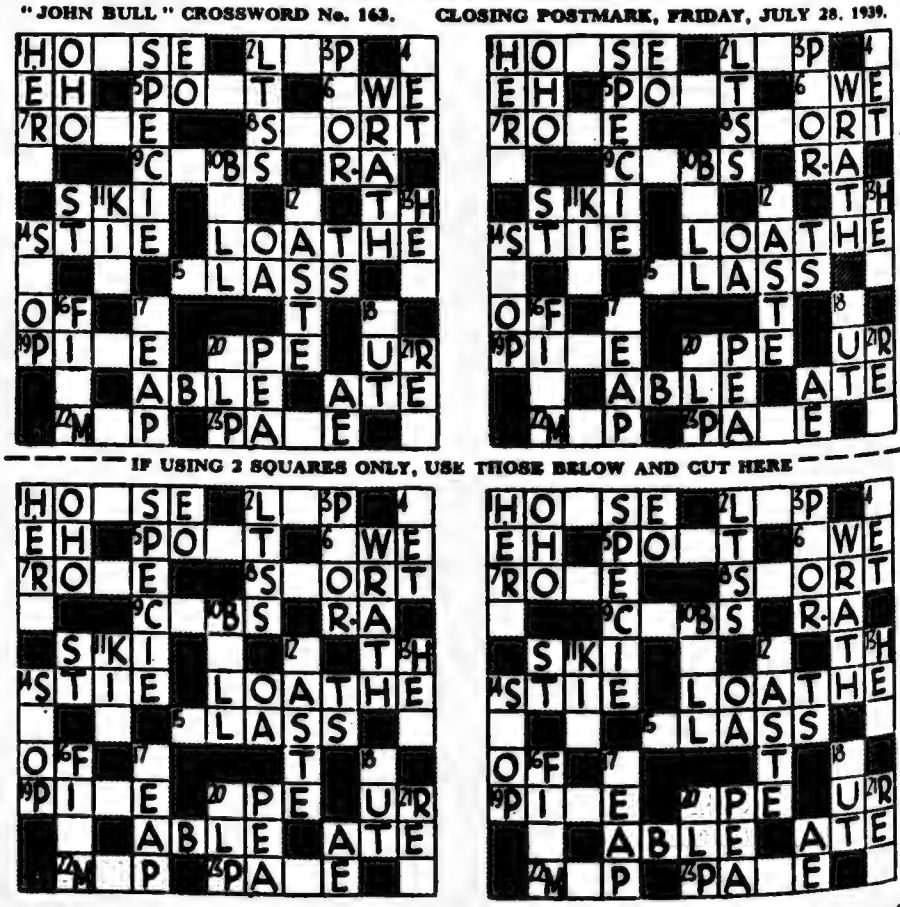
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,350 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one-Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 163. CLOSING POSTMARK, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1939.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

.....

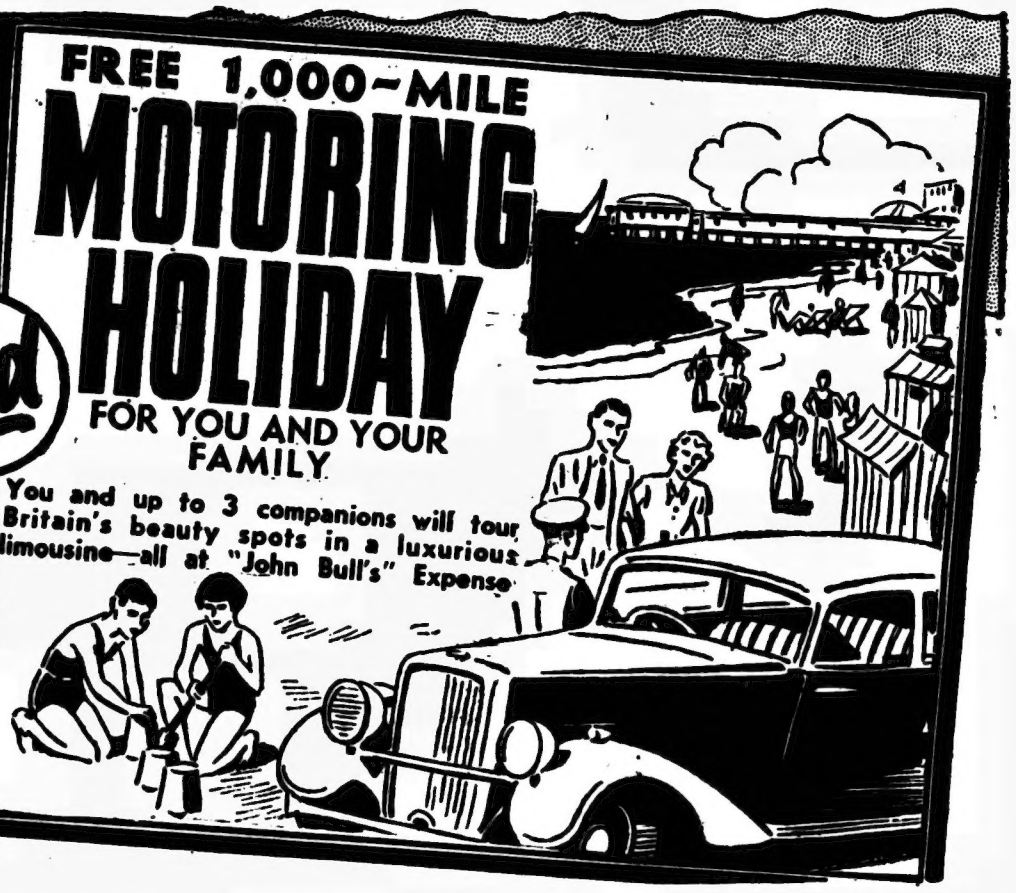
FOR LIFE plus £500 and

£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

£100 EXTRA HOLIDAY CASH between RUNNERS-UP who submitted 8 squares or more including 2 FREE, or equivalent "Time-Saver" Entry Sheet from "Crossword Gazette."

FREE 1,000-MILE MOTORING HOLIDAY FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

You and up to 3 companions will tour Britain's beauty spots in a luxurious limousine—all at "John Bull's" Expense



COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES

If desired, your Crossword entry may be enclosed with *Bullets* entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both Entry-fees. Make such Postal Order payable to "John Bull," cross /& Co./. Address Combined Entry envelope Crossword No. 163, and *Bullets* No. 1,181, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C and B" in top left-hand corner. Closing *postmark* of Saturday, July 29, allowed for such combined entries, thus providing Crosswords with an extra day if also entering for *Bullets*.

FREE "BULLETS" COUPON WITH ENTRY OF ONLY 1s.

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over is permitted to submit one *Bullets* coupon for current Offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it is enclosed with and bears same name and address as Crossword entry.

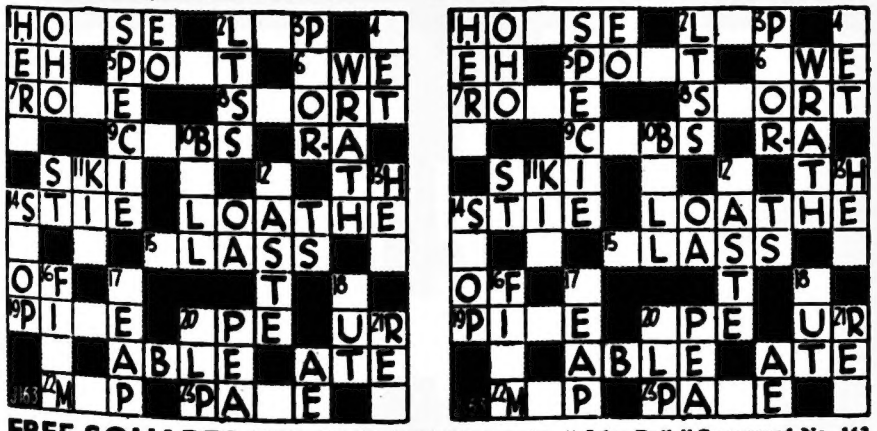
APPLY QUICKLY IF YOU NEED EXTRA SQUARES

For this Special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in the same envelope. For additional supply send at once a penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required. Supply limited, so apply at once.

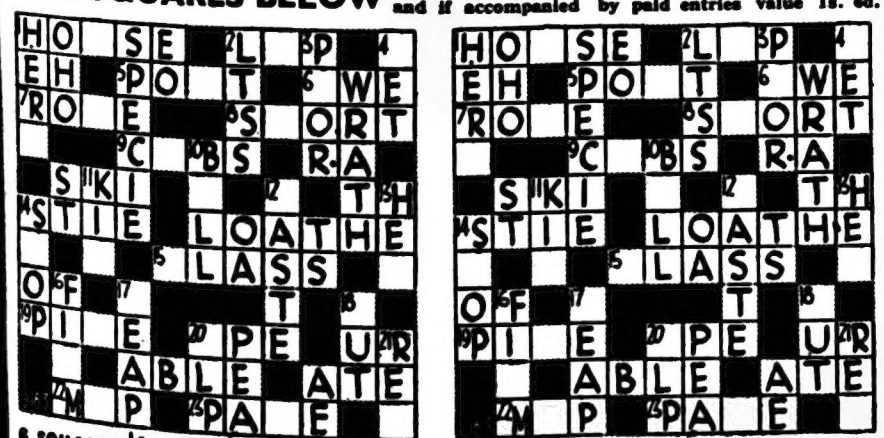
ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 163, "JOHN BULL," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 163. CLOSING POSTMARK, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1939.



FREE SQUARES BELOW Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 163, and if accompanied by paid entries value 1s. 6d.



6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value.....

Address ..... No.....

.....

NEW HELP for "Crossworders"—See page 34

Giant Cheques Won in X-Word No. 160

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 160, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following two competitors:

Mrs. K. M. CASSERLEY, 3, Sittingbourne Road, Maidstone.
J. NEWHAM, 26, Cambridge Avenue, New Malden, Surrey.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition these competitors share the First Prize of £1,350 and a cheque for £675 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, July 25, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £150 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 20 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £7 10s. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A £10 Holiday Cheque will be sent to every cash winner in Contest No. 160 who also secures a cash prize in Crossword No. 161.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. FIRM. 2. WORN. 6. CHOP. 9. RISE. 10. LEG. 11. RAGS. 13. BANK. 18. POWER. 20. EASE. 21. TRY. 22. BUT. 23. DIN. DOWN.—1. FACE. 3. TOY. 4. CORE. 5. REIS. 7. PIG. 8. LOAN. 12. SHORT or SPORT. 13. BEST. 14. DIP. 15. RIVER. 16. NOTE. 17. GRAY. 19. HER.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point SHORT and SPORT were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

SHE WON WITH FREE HELP—SECURE YOURS NOW!

"I have taken the *Crossword Gazette* since its first issue and should have been lost without it. Besides the great assistance of its various features, it is a pure joy to be able to enter on its blot-proof paper."

Those are the words of Mrs. F. M. Massey, the Pension, Cash and Holiday winner of whom you have read on opposite page. Take the step which led her to independence for life: make sure of a regular supply of this bright little weekly. Just complete this Reservation Coupon and post it with your entry for this week's Giant Holiday Offer.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

FREE X-WORD AID COUPON

You are invited to enclose this with your Crossword entry.

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on the BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin."

I want (a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Enclose with entry or post direct to: "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2.

SEA WATER
makes your hair dry and lifeless—causes
DRY SCALP

Keep your hair lustrous and healthy this quick, easy way

SALT WATER and hot sun bleach and split hair! They cause DRY SCALP—make your hair dull and lifeless.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger-tips until scalp tingles pleasantly.

Afterwards you can swim, or lie in the sun, and know that your hair is absolutely protected. Your hair will comb perfectly into place. You'll *feel* and *look* smart again!

New economy size at 2/6

There is now a 2/6 size of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic containing twice as much as the 1/6 bottle. Sizes 1/6, 2/6 and 3/-. Prices and free offer not applicable to Eire.

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER!

For a trial bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and a packet of "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps (to cover postage, etc.) with your name and address (in block letters) to Dept. JB 30, Chesebrough Manfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

PS. Don't forget to use "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo, 4D a packet

3729-5

"Snap" Your Dog and-
Win a Car
(or £100 Cash)

OVER 200 PRIZES MUST BE WON.

Makers of Karswood Dog Powders—which cure doggy ailments as if by magic—offer brand new 1939 Car (or £100 cash) as 1st Prize in easy Snapshot Competition. A "snap" of your dog may easily be the winner. Over 200 prizes must be won. Get Free Entry Form for Karswood Dog Snapshot Competition when buying Karswood Dog Powders. Sold by Chemists, etc., in packets. 4 powders 3d., 9 for 6d. or 21 for 1/-. If unable to obtain, write E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., Adelphi, Salford, 3, Manchester.

YADIL CONQUERS HAY FEVER

Don't suffer from Hay Fever this summer. Get YADIL, the famous antiseptic which can be taken like ordinary medicine. Will banish the germs from your system and keep you free from infection. Remember, at the first sneeze use YADIL and be safe.

YADIL Safe Internal Ant septic

Write now for free copy of the new YADIL HEALTH BOOK

1/3 and larger, from Chemists, or direct from YADIL (1935) LTD., Dept. J.B., Springfield, London, E.5

The Last Laugh

● A blind man doesn't need a mirror, but everyone needs expert advice at some time or another. Our Advice Service handles any enquiry—in its long experience it has gathered together a band of experts whose knowledge is placed unreservedly at the disposal of our readers.

No charge is made for this service; all that you have to do is to send a stamped, addressed envelope with your enquiry, which should be addressed to "John Bull's" Free Advice Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The replies given below to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

SINGER (Morden).—"The secret of success at singing is to be able to strike a good pitch." They say that outside a West End theatre returns are pretty good.

D. J. (Hinckley).—"I want to feel that I am head and shoulders above my colleagues. What do you suggest?" Stilts.

P. F. (Redditch).—"I intend telling her that the man she is so friendly with is a bad egg." Break it gently!

✱

A. G. (BIRMINGHAM).—"I CALLED IN AT A BARGAIN SALE TO-DAY, BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING THAT LOOKED REALLY CHEAP." WEREN'T THERE ANY HUSBANDS WAITING FOR THEIR WIVES?

✱

J. V. (Fleetwood).—"Have you ever heard my honesty questioned?" We've never even heard it mentioned.

S. V. (Ryde).—"Doesn't a demand for rates or taxes give you the hump?" Well, it certainly gets our back up.

PERPLEXED (Rhyl).—"Is it a sin to play golf on Sunday?" No, it's the way that some people play that is the sin.

T. S. (Mertham).—"Listening to crooners affects my temperature." Some make your blood boil, others leave you cold?

F. G. (Walmer).—"The hardest thing about roller-skating for the learner is balance." We thought it was the floor.

H. H. (Purley).—"There is an old saying that is very true—the road to ruin is paved with good intentions." And lined with petrol pumps.

R. M. (Frome).—"In my opinion, July and August are by far the best months for the summer holiday." We had ours in June, too.

G. M. (Clapham).—"What do you think the manager said when, during the recent Test match, I called and asked whether I could see my grandson?" That he'd gone to your funeral?

D. G. (Morpeth).—"Do you think that women would make as good auctioneers as men?" Well, we can't imagine an unmarried lady standing up before a crowd and saying, "Now, gentleman, all I want is an offer."

H. H. (Walton).—"Where to put jellies in hot weather is a difficult problem." Small boys don't find it so.

TOMMY (Salford).—"After an hour's study I found that *x* equalled zero." All that work for nothing!

J. J. (Tring).—"I sounded her family about our being engaged." And apparently her father sounded worst.

B. D (Hounslow).—"I am sending you a few nonsense verses I have written." Well, you're more honest than the other poets who send us samples of their work.

✱

F. F. (LONDON, S.E.).—"MY WIFE'S THE MOST UNGRATEFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD; AND IT IS A FACT THAT SHE HADN'T A RAG TO HER BACK WHEN I MARRIED HER." BUT WE'LL HAZARD A GUESS THAT SHE'S GOT PLENTY NOW.

✱

M. E. (Colchester).—"More and more women have businesses of their own." And most of them mind someone else's as well.

MR. G. (Bury).—"In my garden the strawberry crop was a failure, but I am now getting plenty of raspberries." See letter below.

MRS. G. (Bury).—"Our new house has a nice garden, but my husband doesn't appear to be very popular with the neighbours." See letter above.

J. E. (Leicester).—"The career of a confidence trickster is, at the beginning, heartbreaking." And, at the end, stonebreaking.

B. D. (Belfast).—"My wife has squandered every penny I have earned in the last ten years and shows no signs of stopping." Further outlook—no change.

E. N. (Witham).—"We are organising a garden fête for charity, and I am wondering what we shall get." Rain, probably.

P. S. (East Coast).—"Every time the vicar calls, our dog has a bite at his trousers." He has no respect for the cloth?

H. J. (Lewes).—"I saw you in your car outside your offices when I was in London recently. Does your wife drive?" No—we bought the car like that.

TED (Larne).—"Girls nowadays want to ride everywhere. They never accept an invitation for a walk." Except up the church aisle.

V. B. (Liverpool).—"I was terribly ill last year but the doctor put me on my feet again." Ah! You had to sell your car to pay his bill?

✱

E. N. (CRAWLEY).—"WHEN YOU GO AWAY FOR YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY, YOU WILL FEEL MUCH BETTER IF YOU FORGET EVERYTHING." WE GENERALLY FIND WE HAVE DONE SO WHEN WE OPEN OUR TRUNK.

✱

S. A. (Looe).—"Are men or women the best at learning to drive a motor-car?" Men, we think; but some women are pretty good—mannequins, for instance; they're used to changing gear.

MRS. L. (Winchester).—"I must say that when I get my husband to do some hammering and I hold the nails for him he is just like lightning." Never strikes twice on the same spot?

The Kid by Lees

E. N. (Storrington).—"I told the burglar I wouldn't report him on one condition." If he told you how he got in without waking your wife?

MRS. D. H. (Winton).—"My little son's a marvel. He can crawl out of anything." Well, he should make a fine politician one day.

F. R. (Newhaven).—". . . and so I determined to write you the first really sensible letter you've ever had." Why did you change your mind?

T. W. (Hendon).—"I have been asked to give a lecture at a children's club. Can you suggest something on which I can talk for about half an hour?" A chair.

S. D. (Atherstone).—"When entering the bank I slipped on the tiled floor and fell down." You're not the only man who has found it difficult to keep a balance at the bank.

J. D. (Dorking).—"It spoils a holiday if you have to keep dipping into your pocket for this extra and that."

The sort of extra you'd appreciate is that big 8-in-1 Holiday First Prize on page 39—win it and make a splash with *Bullets* cash!

THIRD FORMER (Derby).—"I gave one of the boys a piece of soap made up to look like a doughnut and told him it was a present from a monitor." Did he swallow it?

SANDY (Fife).—"My wife made a clever suggestion when I was painting the 'No Canvassers' sign for our front gate." Did she tell you to add "Except with Samples"?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

THE LANCASTER OBSERVER AND MORECAMBE CHRONICLE:—"This was being fed on a MINT of milk daily provided for the baby."

NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—"On a charge of driving a motor-car without INEFFICIENT brakes . . ."

WEMBLEY OBSERVER AND GAZETTE:—". . . and has piloted practically every type of light AERODROME made in this country."

DAILY MAIL:—"But there are Terriers who are still thrilled by the craze for HOSE-power."

EDGWARE TIMES AND GUARDIAN:—"If new linoleum is being laid in cold weather it should be well WARNED before being unrolled."

BOURNEMOUTH ECHO:—"The watchman raised an alarm before losing UNCONSCIOUSNESS, but his assailants had already escaped."

Another GREAT 8-in-1 HOLIDAY PRIZE — ONE WEEK ONLY

1 £250 CASH PLUG

2 Seaside Holiday Week for Two

3 New Holiday Clothes

4 Folding Camera with films

Be quick with your Entry!

5 Portable Radio

6 Holiday Suitcases

7 Holiday Novels Magazines and Newspapers

8 £5 Extra Cash to spend

£300 CASH IF SINGLE PRIZE PREFERRED

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 £3 10 of £2·10

25 of 10/- 200 SURPRISE AWARDS

THOUSANDS OF OTHER AWARDS

Closing Postmark SAT. JULY 29

HOW TO WIN

TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked to an *Example* selected from the list below, can bring you this week's fine 8-in-1 Holiday First.

Here is how a typical entrant arrived at his winning words. Taking the incomplete *Example*, BETTER . . . , he added the word OUTLOOK. Then the thought of an unsuccessful business venture prompted him to complete his neat First Prize *Bullet*, BETTER OUTLOOK—HAD I "HAD EYES."

To follow this "Bulleteer" to the head of the prize-list, you may use either an incomplete *Example* or a ready-made one from the list provided. Care and commonsense are all you need to produce a prize-worthy *Bullet*. But you must act promptly; turn to the *Examples* as soon as you have studied the leading *Bullets* in our 1,177th Contest on this page, for this week's grand 8-in-1 Holiday First cannot be yours unless your entry is posted on or before Saturday, July 29.

'BULLETS' 1,177 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, Royal Tour for Two plus £100—or £300 Cash.

F. P. BYRNE, 27, Adams Avenue, Northampton.

Example: THEIR MAJESTIES

Bullet: "PILGRIMS"—"MAY" PEACE "FLOWER"!

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

G. W. DOCKWRAY, 32, Alvertherpe Street, South Shields, Co. Durham.

Example: Under The Swastika

Bullet: People "Addressed"—"Stamped"—"Undelivered."

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

L. C. R. WALSH, 1st Border Regiment, Aldershot.

Example: Shock For The Sergeant

Bullet: "Hore-Belisha Distinctly Stated——"

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: Miss B. WESTCOTT, Thorverton, Litchard, Bridgend, Glam.
Why Mother Flew—Stork Visiting Her Baby.

£8: J. W. WILSON, Edenthorpe Park, Doncaster.
When Britannia Talks—Dictator's "Deaf"—Afterwards, Deafening!

£7: Mrs. B. RILEY, 47, Hartington Road, Liverpool.
He's Always Grumbling, But—"Employs" Me, Besides Adjectives!

£750 for a 'BULLET'!

Huge Opportunity Next Week

£6: W. SLOAN, 97, Dunbeth Road, Coatbridge, Lanarks.
When Britannia Talks—Plainly, Sanely—Vainly?

£5: E. READ, 6, Worcester Gardens, Clapham Common, S.W.
Under The Swastika—Oppression—Depression—Denied Expression.

£4: Mrs. ROBERTS-DAVIES, 30, The College, Bromley, Kent.
Tower Of Strength—Candidate—"Crumpled Under" Tomato!

£3: Nurse A. E. GLOVER, "Waverley," Rossmore Avenue, Lr. Parkstone, Dorset.
Man With Push—Sees Efforts "Go Over."

(Continued on page 35)

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

STORMS OF ADVERSITY
GRIM WARNING
IF HITLER'S WISE
IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE
FATHER'S WORKING, SO
ON LIFE'S SANDS
WHERE TO GO
MOTHER'S ADVICE
MODESTLY
THE ROAD IS ROUGH, BUT
TRUMPED HIS ACE
QUIET AS A MOUSE
TO TELL THE TRUTH
THANKS TO RADIO
IN GERMANY TO-DAY
IMPOSSIBLE TASK
BEYOND ENDURANCE
HEALTH IS WEALTH, SO
GRANNY REMEMBERS
MAD RACE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

ARMY .....
..... OF THE ROAD
..... CAR
EUROPE'S .....
MENACE OF .....
SHOWS HE'S .....

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Should you wish to enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,181, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,181) | Closing postmark SAT., JULY 29.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,181) | Closing postmark SAT., JULY 29.

Signed .....
Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,181, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

Make sure of Enjoying YOUR HOLIDAYS

YOU can be healthy, happy and delightfully attractive—you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of your Summer holidays, if you remember to take Bile Beans at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood and daily remove all food residue. Thus Bile Beans improve your health, clear your complexion and keep you slim and youthful.

Just rely on Bile Beans if you want to look and feel your best at all times.

SEASIDE OR COUNTRY?

Wherever you go, a complete change of air and diet is apt to upset you internally. A nightly dose of Bile Beans guards you against all this and keeps the whole family merry and bright.

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

Make You Healthy, Happy and Slim

F.5 J.B.L.81 68*

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